

JUNE

1940



NO. 2

BIG SHOT COMICS



10c

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!



THE SKYMAN



DIXIE DUGAN



SPYMASTER



THE FACE

SAY, CHARLIE,
DO YOUSE THINK
MARVELO CAN GET US
DOWN OFF THIS RUG?



ADVENTURE, THRILLING
AND SENSATIONAL
ADVENTURES OF

THE SKYMAN!

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

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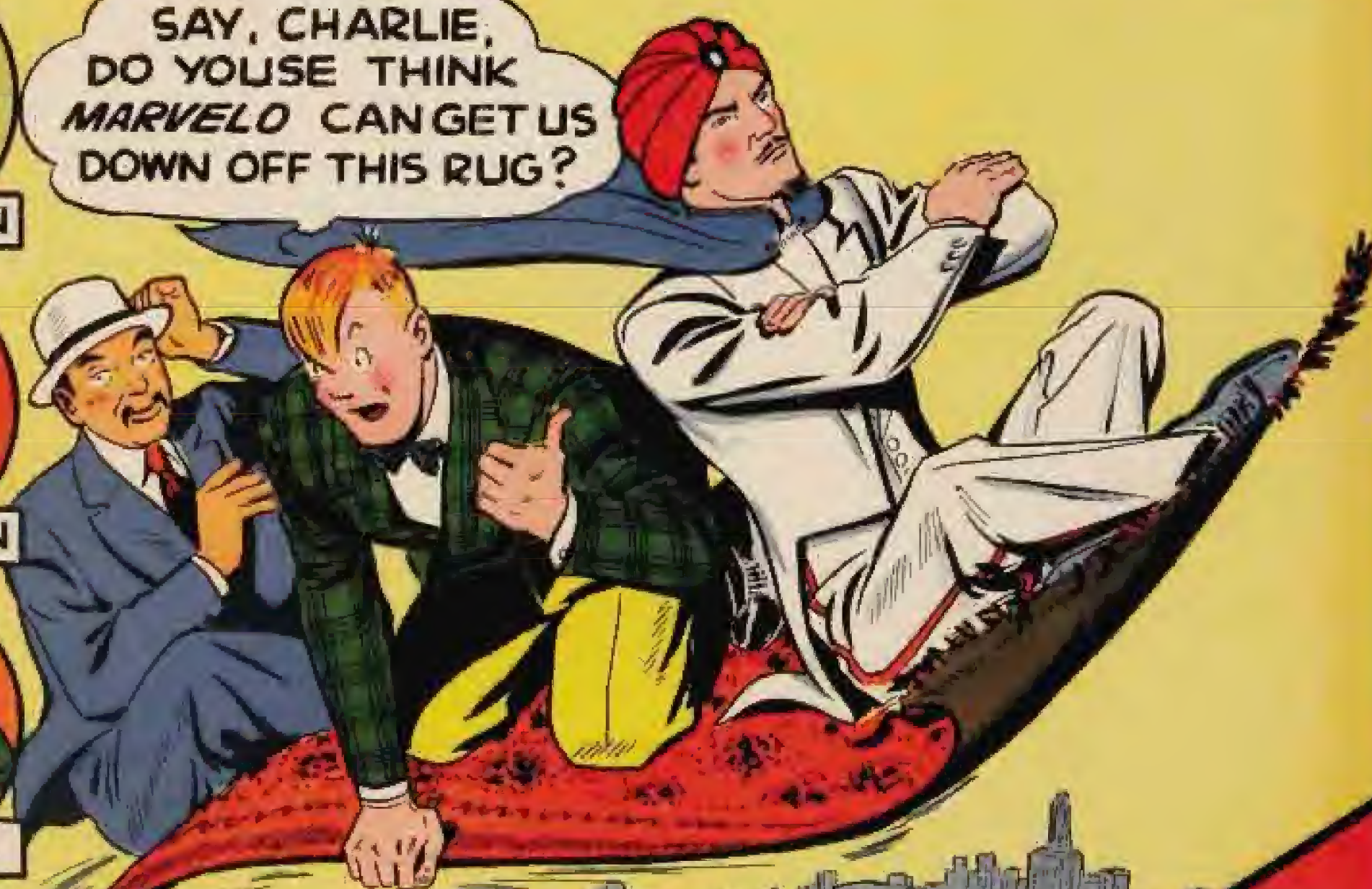


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VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor

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The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

ACROSS THE AIRWAYS OF AMERICA FLAMES A NEW AND TERRIBLE FIGURE—BOOTED, HELMETED, AND ARMED WITH A WEAPON THAT CAN PARALYSE OR KILL AS ITS USER DIRECTS—THE SKYMAN!

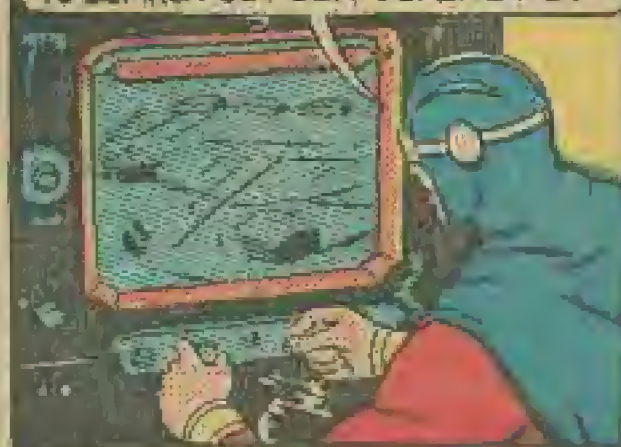
THE STAGMATIC PARALYSING GUN OF THE SKYMAN!

FOREIGN PLANES! WHAT WOULD THEY BE DOING HERE—UNLESS THOSE RUMORS OF AN AIR INVASION ARE TRUE? I'LL TAKE A LOOK IN MY TELEVISI-RADIO!

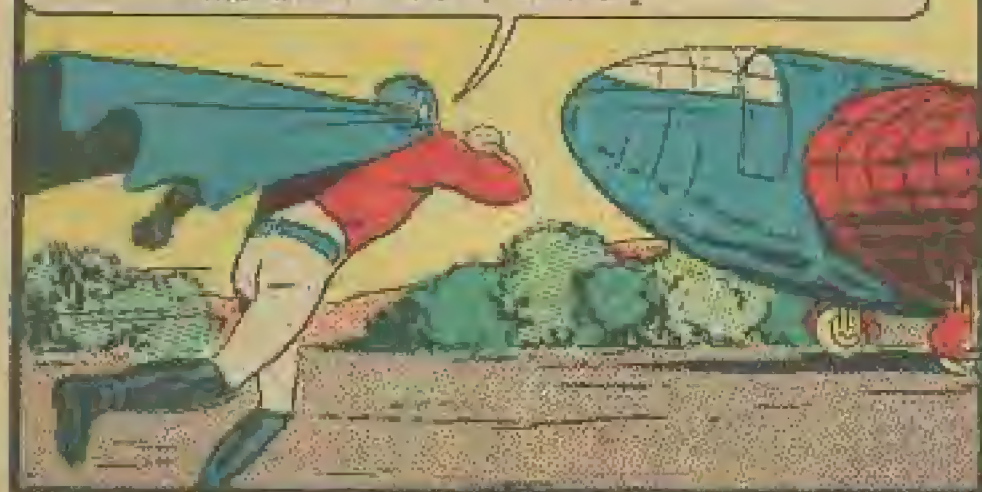


DIRECTING HIS BEAM NORTHWARD ALONG THE COSMIC RAYS....

A COMPLETE AERIAL BASE IN THE ARCTIC...THEY'RE SENDING PLANES TO SEARCH OUT OUR DEFENSES!



I'LL BET THOSE FOREIGNERS PLAN A SUDDEN AIR ATTACK ON THE U.S.A.'S INDUSTRIAL CENTERS TO CRIPPLE THE NATION IN CASE OF WAR—WHICH WILL COME RIGHT AWAY!



I'LL FOLLOW THOSE PLANES IN THE WING—AND PREVENT THEIR RETURNING TO THEIR AIR BASE!



OVER THE COASTAL DEFENSE GUNS OF THE UNITED STATES HE PURSUES HIS QUARRY!



THE SKYMAN WORKS LIKE A MADMAN OVER A STRANGE DEVICE. BY MY USE OF THE HIGH-SPEED NEUTRONIC BEAM, THIS CAMERA CAN LOOK INTO THOSE PLANES AND PHOTOGRAPH WHAT GOES ON!



For the BEST in comic magazines, buy BIG SHOT COMICS!

USING A RADIUM RAY THE SKYMAN DEVELOPS HIS PICTURES IN AN INSTANT AND SEES THE PLANES' INTERIORS!



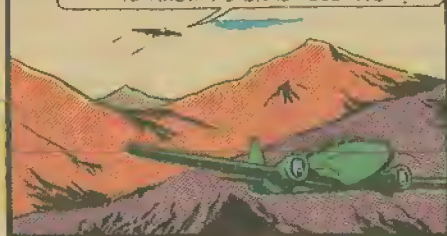
THEY'RE TAKING SHOTS OF OUR COASTAL DEFENSES! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY GET BACK TO THEIR AIR BASE WITH THE INFORMATION!

HE DECLARES HIS OWN WAR IN THE MODERN MANNER, TREATING SPIES AS THEY DESERVE!



THE ENEMY FLEET IS SHOT OUT OF THE SKY, ALL EXCEPT ONE!

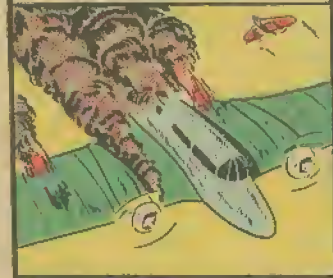
I'LL FOLLOW HIM TO THE AIR BASE - I WANT TO KNOW ITS EXACT LOCATION!



WE'RE OVER JONES SOUND - OUR DESTINATION MUST BE GRANT LAND! THAT PLANE MUST NEVER REACH THERE -



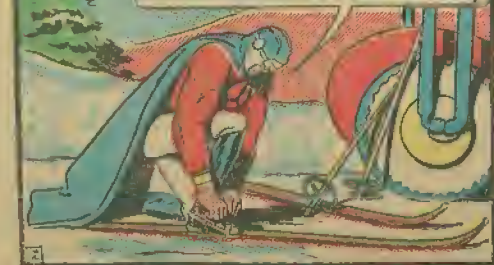
DEATH VISITS THE LAST OF THE SPYING PLANES...



SCREENED BEHIND TALL FUR TREES THE WING LANDS NEAR THE AERIAL BASE.



I BROUGHT SKIS ALONG TO GET ME OVER THE ICE AND SNOW FASTER. I MAY NEED TO GET AWAY IN A HURRY!



WHEN NIGHTFALL DARKENS THE SKY, A WEIRD FIGURE CREEPS CLOSE TO THE LOG CABINS -

THIS IS THE COMMANDER'S CABIN -



USING A RADIUM RAY THE SKYMAN DEVELOPS HIS PICTURES IN AN INSTANT AND SEES THE PLANES' INTERIORS!

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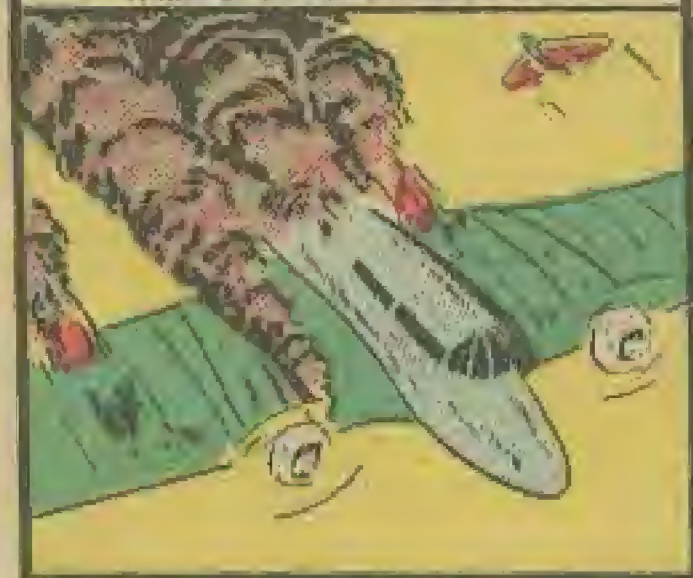
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HUMAN VOICES CAUSE VIBRATIONS IN GLASS WINDOWS. BY USING THIS LITTLE INSTRUMENT THAT BREAKS THOSE VIBRATIONS DOWN TO HUMAN SYLLABLES, I CAN HEAR—



INSIDE THE CABIN—

THE RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK BY NOW!

WHAT SHALL WE DO GENERAL?

TAKE A SMALL BOARD AHEAD AND FOLLOW THEIR FLIGHT AT ONCE!



THE SKYMAN ENTERS THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S CABIN.



THAT'LL HOLD YOU WHILE I LOOK AROUND!



DETAILS OF THE PURPORTED ATTACK! MINUTE DOWN TO NUMBERS OF SHIPS AND FIGHTING EQUIPMENT! I'LL BORROW THIS—



— AND I'LL BORROW THE GENERAL TOO! WITHOUT HIM THEY HAVE NO BRAINS TO DIRECT AN ATTACK!



BACK TO THE WING, GOES THE SKYMAN—



UH— OH...

HE'S REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS! PERHAPS HE CAN ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS!





—SO DON'T EXPECT YOUR FLIGHT SQUADRON BACK!

YOU DID THAT! YOU — ONE MAN AGAINST A SQUADRON! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



BUT I DID — AND I CAPTURED YOU WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOURSELF SECURE! AND I'M GOING TO SMASH YOUR ENTIRE AIR BASE TO BITS — UNLESS YOU TALK! WHO IS IN BACK OF THIS INVASION?

I WON'T TALK — SO FORGET THAT!



AT 800 MILES AN HOUR, THE SKYMAN RACES SOUTH.



OVER ARMY HEADQUARTERS THE WING TILTS EARTHWARD.

IT'S THE SKYMAN — BUT IT'S THE FIRST TIME HE EVER LANDED!



I OFFER YOU AN ENEMY, GENTLEMAN — A MAN WHO IS THE LEADER OF AN INTENDED AIR ATTACK ON THE UNITED STATES!

W-WHAT? YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THAT?

HE LIES!



THEIR ENCAMPMENT IS HERE — ON GRANT LAND. TAKE AT LEAST FIVE SQUADRONS — AND A FLIGHT OF BOMBERS!

GAD — IT'S INCREDIBLE!



THE CAPTURED GENERAL THREATENS THE SKYMAN — YOU THINK YOU'VE WON, EH? YOU HAVEN'T! YOU'RE GOING TO BE A MIGHTY SICK MAN TOMORROW!

NICE, PLEASANT SORT OF FELLOW, HUH?



NOW WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT BY THAT CRACK ABOUT TO-MORROW, UNLESS — UNLESS THEY PLAN AN AIR ATTACK TO-NIGHT! BUT — WHERE WILL IT COME?

ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST, CRUISES THE WING—

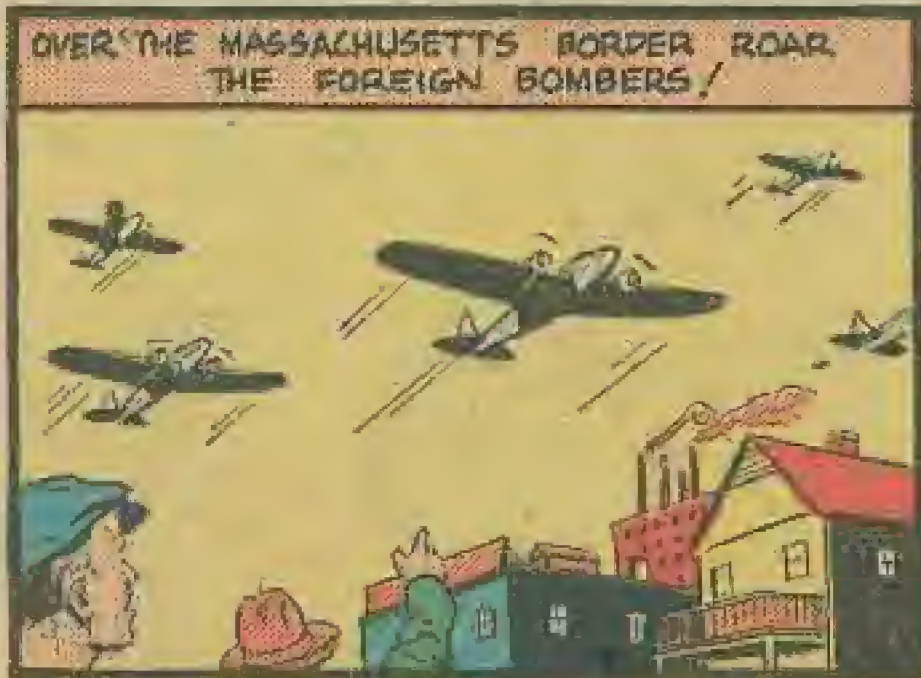
NEW YORK IS A VULNERABLE CITY—
AND ALSO THE GATEWAY TO THE
NATION! THE ATTACK SHOULD COME HERE.



AT LAST I'VE PICKED THEM UP, THEY'RE
HEADING TOWARD MASSACHUSETTS, FOR
THE MANUFACTURING TOWNS THERE!



OVER THE MASSACHUSETTS BORDER ROAD
THE FOREIGN BOMBERS!



THE WING ATTACKS—DESTROYING ALL BUT ONE BOMBER!

I THOUGHT THE GENERAL WAS THE LEADER OF THESE
BOMBERS, BUT APPARENTLY HE ISN'T IF THEY FLY
ON A BOMBING FLIGHT WITHOUT HIS DIRECTIONS!



HE FASTENS SPECIALLY MADE SHOES WITH RUBBER
SUCTION PADS ON THEIR SOLES TO HIS FEET!

I'LL DROP DOWN ON THAT
LAST BOMBER AND GET
SOME INFORMATION!



FIXING THE AUTOMATIC
CONTROLS OF THE WING,
THE SKYMAN REGULATES
ITS SPEED TO THAT OF
THE BOMBER—SO THAT
AS THE BOMBER FLIES,
SO FLIES THE WING.
IF THE BOMBER SHIFTS
ITS COURSE—THE WING,
BY A MAGNETIC MOTOR
CONTROL DEVICE FOLLOWS
THE NEW COURSE, ALWAYS
REMAINING A FIXED
DISTANCE ABOVE THE
OTHER PLANE..

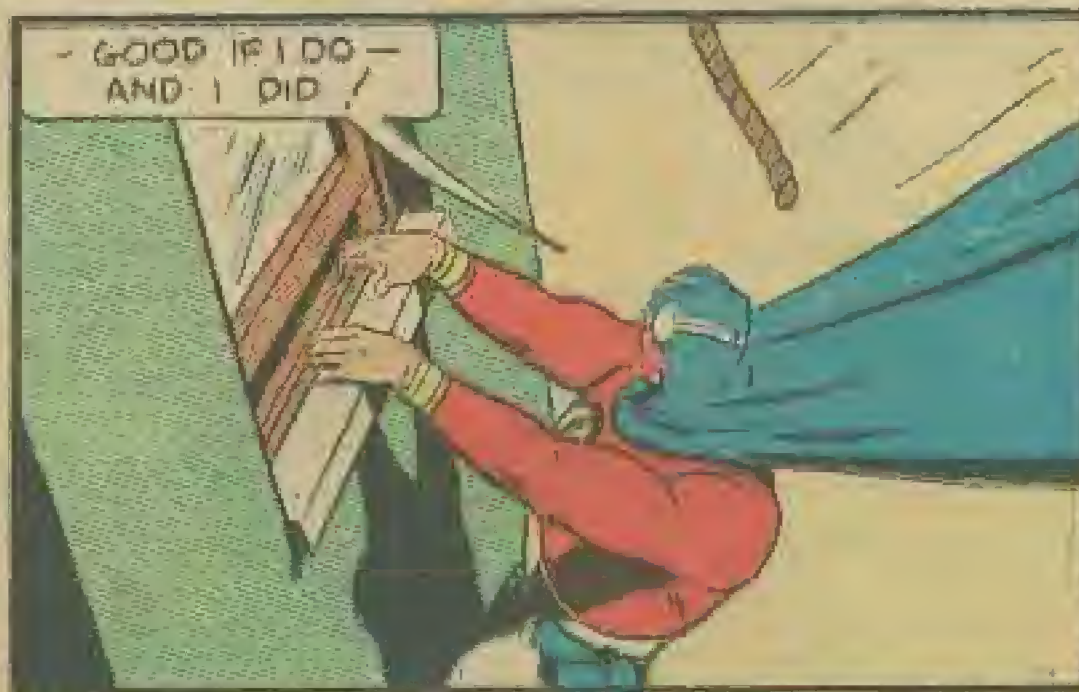
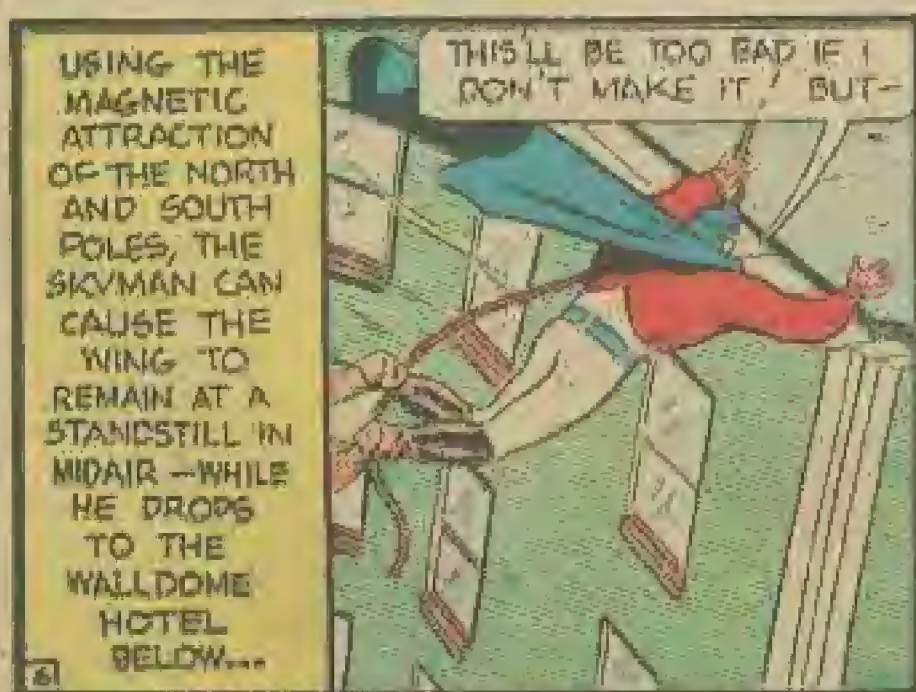
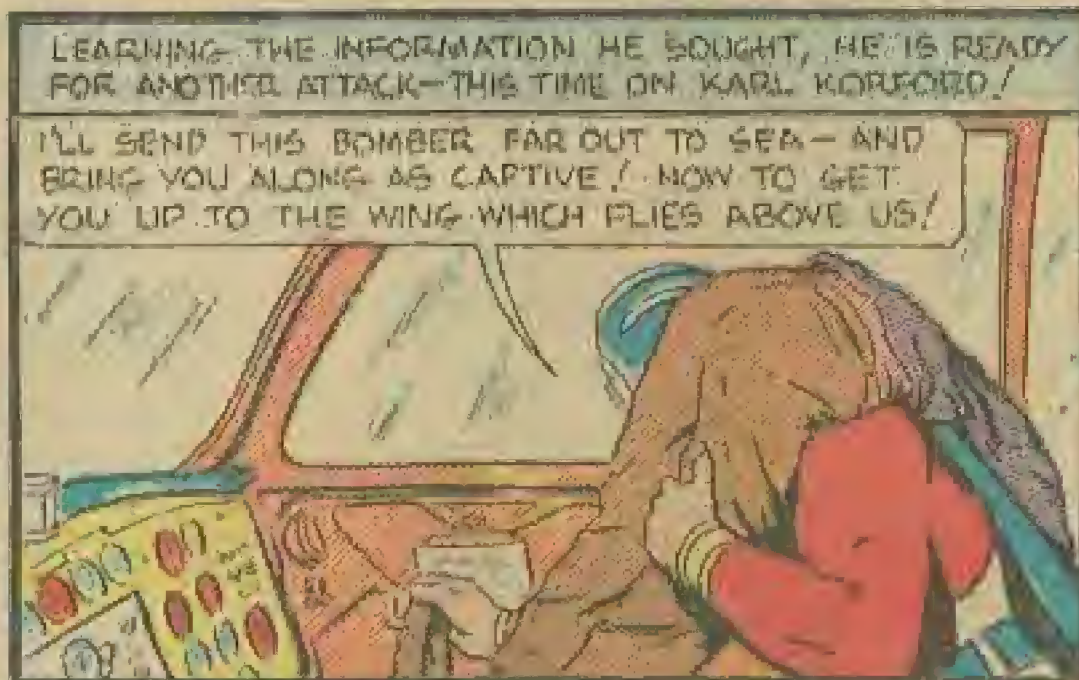


THE SKYMAN TRANSFERS PLANES IN MIDAIR...



HE HEARD MY BODY LIGHT ON THE PLANE
AND HE'S TRYING TO SHAKE ME LOOSE, BUT
THE RUBBER SHOES WERE MADE FOR THIS!





THE WINDOW IN FRONT OF HIM OPENS-AND A GUN IS THRUST INTO THE SKYMAN'S FACE!

THE-THE SKYMAN!
I'LL BLAST YOU TO- /

YOU WEREN'T
EXPECTING THE
STORK, WERE YOU?



ACTING WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, THE SKYMAN REACHES UPWARD!

EEEE! HELP-LET GO-
YOU'LL DRAG ME OVER
THE SILL!

YOU'RE A MINDREADER! THAT'S
JUST WHAT I HAD IN MIND!



HE DRAGS HIS VICTIM CLEAR OF THE WINDOW-

I'M SORRY-BUT THERE IS'NT
ROOM FOR TWO OF US HERE!



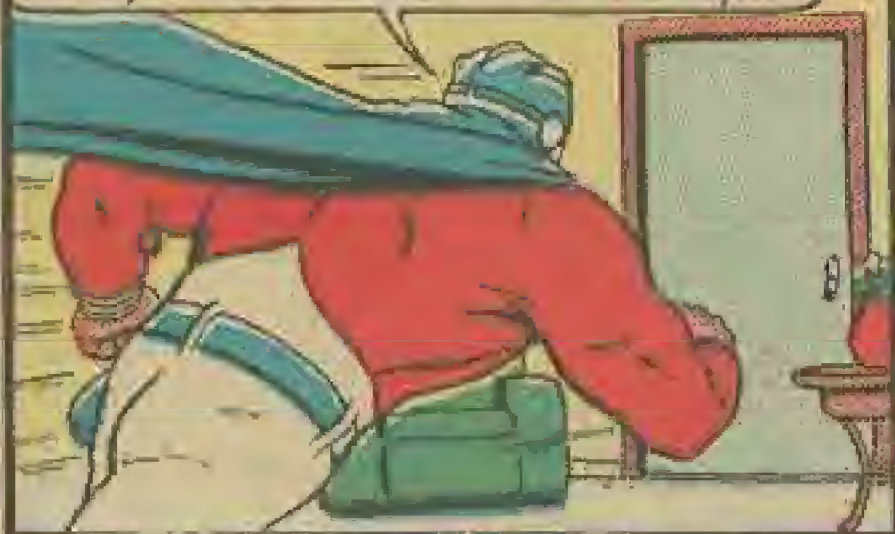
THE WOULD-BE-MURDERER FALLS TO HIS DEATH!

BRRR! I FEEL BADLY ABOUT
THAT FELLOW-BUT I COULDN'T
LET HIM SHOOT ME!

AAAAAGH!!

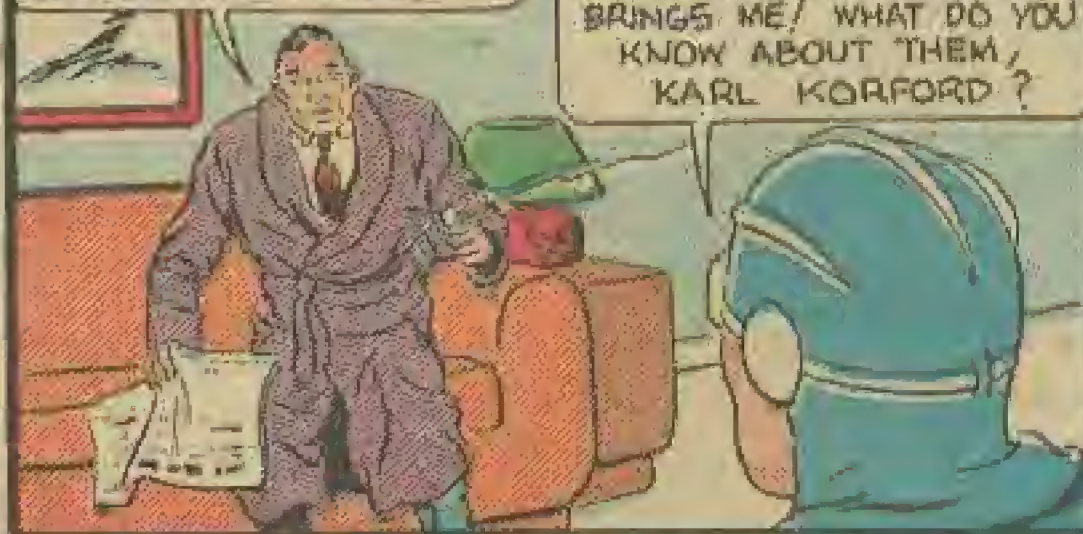


IF MEN ARE ARMED WITH GUNS THEY MUST
BE PROTECTING SOMETHING, IN THIS
CASE, KARL KORFORD PERHAPS!



YOU-THE SKYMAN! I-IVE
HEARD OF YOU! WHAT
BRINGS YOU HERE!

A FLIGHT OF BOMBING
PLANES OVER THE
MASSACHUSETTS BORDER
BRINGS ME! WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT THEM,
KARL KORFORD?



YOU KNOW ABOUT ME, THEN?
THAT SEALS YOUR
DEATH WARRANT!

NOT YET
MY FRIEND!



THE BURLY KORFORD IS LIKE PUTTY IN THE
STEEL GRIP OF THE POWERFUL SKYMAN!

YOU BOYS THAT LIKE
TO PLAY ROUGH GIVE
ME A LAUGH!

OOOH-- YOU'LL
BREAK MY
BACK!!



THE SKYMAN FORCES THE TREACHEROUS KORFORD TO CONFESS—

THERE—MY
CONFESSION
IS DONE!

YOU'VE BEEN A SECRET AGENT FOR
THAT FOREIGN COUNTRY FOR YEARS!
AND IT WAS YOU, WHO PLANNED THE
WHOLE THING! YOU'RE MORE OF A
RAT THAN I THOUGHT YOU WERE!



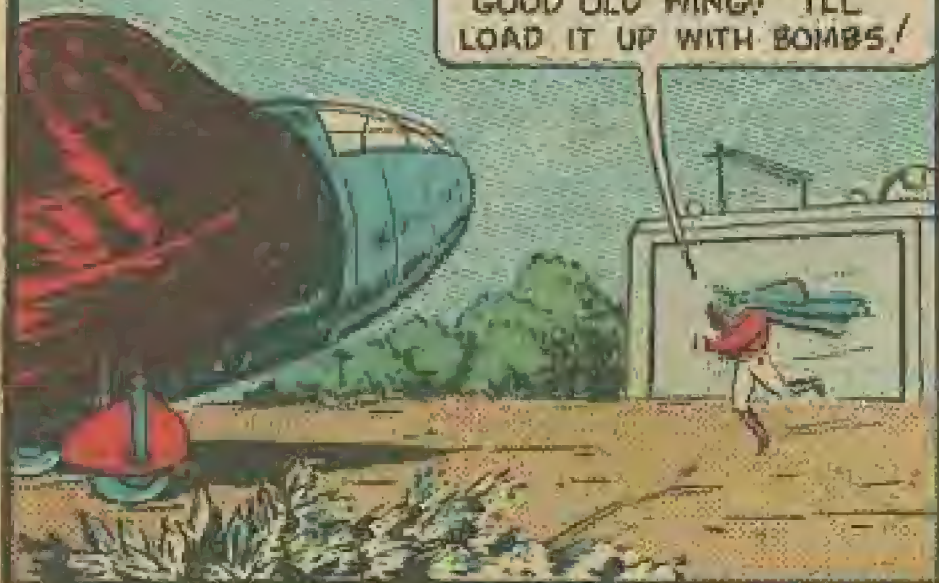
—THEN DEPOSITS HIM AT AN ARMY FLYING FIELD /

ANOTHER SCORE FOR THE SKYMAN. HERE'S THE MAN
WHO PLANNED THE AIR BASE, THE BOMBING RAIDS,
AND THE ENTIRE INVASION! WHAT A CAPTURE! WOW!



BUT THE SKYMAN IS NOT YET SATISFIED WITH HIS WORK..

GOOD OLD WING! I'LL
LOAD IT UP WITH BOMBS!

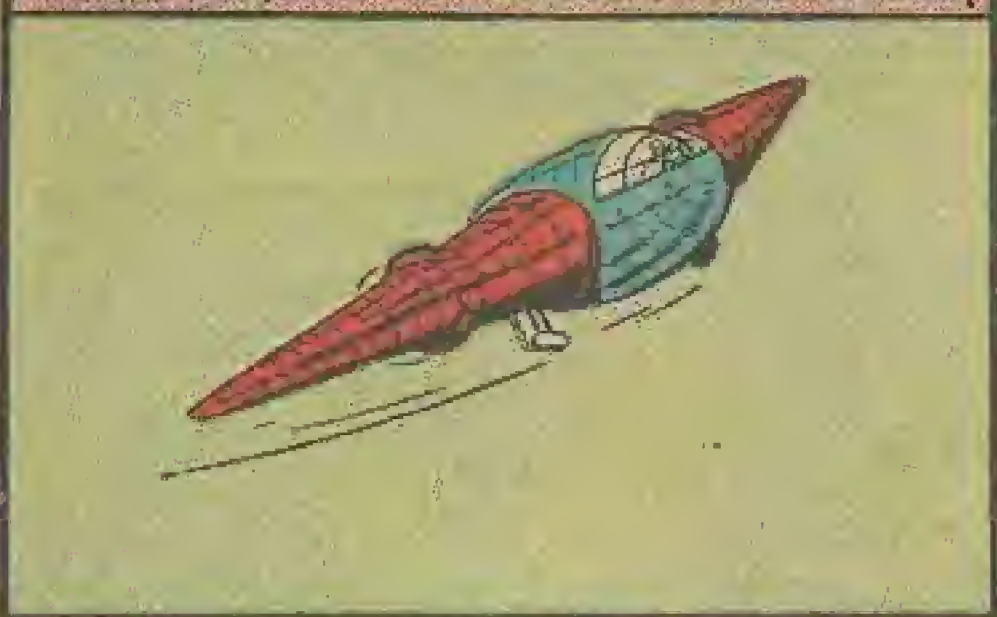


THE SKYMAN LOADS THE WING WITH MIGHTY BOMBS—
CARRYING THEM SINGLEHANDED!

I'LL BE NEEDING
THESE UP NORTH!



INTO THE AIR SOARS THE WING BOUND FOR GRANT LAND!



FAR TO THE NORTH THE U.S.A.'S FLEET OF PURSUIT
PLANES AND BOMBERS REACHES GRANT LAND—



COME—WE SHALL PREVENT THEIR
PLANES FROM EVER RETURNING
TO THE UNITED STATES!

HOW?



I SHALL LAY AN ELECTRICAL BELT
ABOUT THE ISLAND—WHICH WILL
BURN THEIR PLANES TO A CRISP
WHEN THEY TRY TO LEAVE!

GOOD!



FLYING NORTH COMES THE SKYMAN— NOT
KNOWING OF THE ELECTRICAL BELT!

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I'LL
BE THERE—IN TIME TO JOIN IN
THE ATTACK, I HOPE!



SUDDENLY THE MOTORS OF THE WING BEGIN TO SPUTTER—

WHAT UNDER THE SUN CAN MAKE THEM
SPUTTER SO? ONLY SOME SORT OF ATOMIC
OR ELECTRICAL ENERGY BELT COULD—HEY!

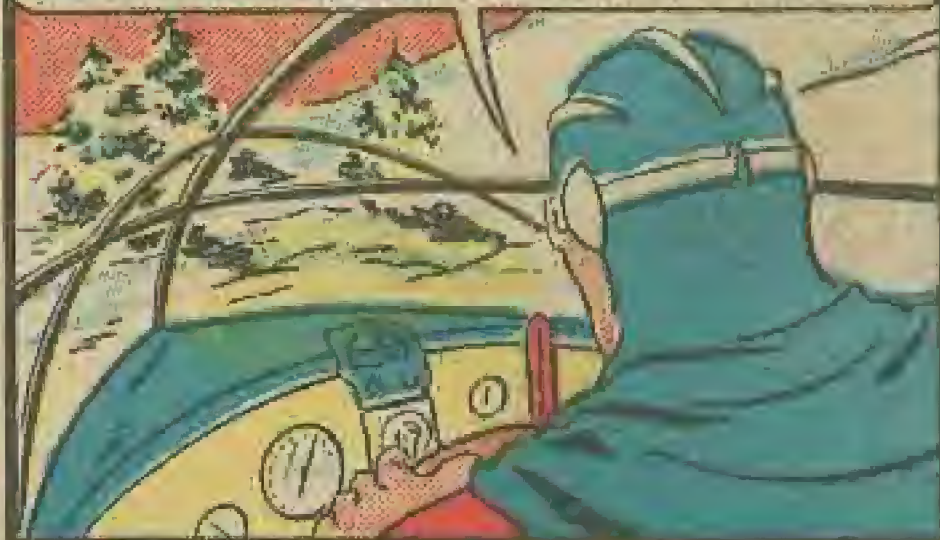


THE WING TILTS AND STARTS TO FALL!

WHAT THE——! THE WING
NEVER DID THIS TO ME!



EVEN MY CONTROLS ARE HARD TO WORK! I'VE GOT
TO LAND GENTLY BECAUSE OF THE BOMBS I'M
CARRYING. I HOPE I LAND RIGHT SIDE UP!



WHEW! THAT WAS MIGHTY
CLOSE, ESPECIALLY—WITH
THOSE BOMBS ABOARD!



SOME DISTANCE AWAY FROM WHERE THE WING LANDS—

A PLANE—BUT WHAT A
QUEER ONE! WHAT IS
IT DOING HERE!

IT'S NOT AN ARMY PLANE! I'M NOT
LETTING ANYONE DISCOVER US. I'LL
SHOOT THEM DOWN LIKE DOGS!

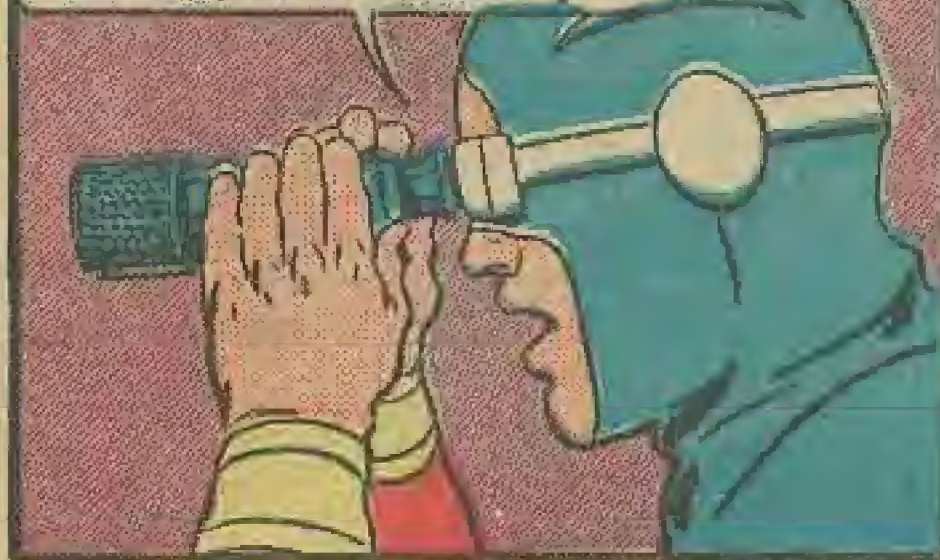


AS THE SKYMAN STEPS FROM THE WING, A BULLET GREET'S HIM—

WOW! SOMEBODY
SNIPING AT ME!



THERE'S TWO OF THEM OUT THERE
IN THE SNOW! WHY SHOULD
THEY FIRE AT ME THOUGH?



IF I CAN SKI TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WING-
BEFORE THEY GET ME- I'LL CIRCLE AROUND BEHIND
THEM AND FIND OUT WHAT IT IS THEY'RE DOING
WAY OUT HERE!



HERE I GO—AND HERE
COME THEIR BULLETS!



THE FOOL BEARS A CHARMED
LIFE! I MISSED HIM
THREE TIMES!

I THINK I
GOT HIM!



OOF! THAT LAST
BULLET GOT ME!



BUT STRUGGLING WITH DESPERATION HE FIGHTS
HIS WAY TO HIS FEET!

FIRING AT A PLANE WRECKED MAN!
THEY MUST BE GUARDING
SOMETHING MIGHTY PRECIOUS!



THE SKYMAN CIRCLES WIDELY ON HIS SKIS...

I'LL DROP DOWN ON THEM FROM
ABOVE AND SURPRISE 'EM!



THERE THEY ARE! BUT WHAT'S THAT
THEY'VE GOT? I—I FEEL FUNNY
SORT OF GOOSE-PIMPLY!



THREE THINGS HAPPEN... THE U.S.A. ARMY PLANES RETURN—THE
ELECTRICAL BELT IS TURNED ON FULL FORCE AND THE SKYMAN
SENSES THE DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF THE ELECTRIC ENERGY!

I'M THE FLEETS ONLY HOPE—I'VE
GOT TO STOP THOSE MEN!



LIKE A HAWK TO THE ATTACK HE DROPS DOWN THE HILLSIDE!



THEY'RE ALMOST WITHIN THE ELECTRICAL BELT!

THEY'LL BE BURN'T TO CINDERS



SILENTLY THE SKYMAN IS UPON THEM!

IT'S MY TURN NOW, YOU RAT!

OOO—

I'LL GET YOU—!

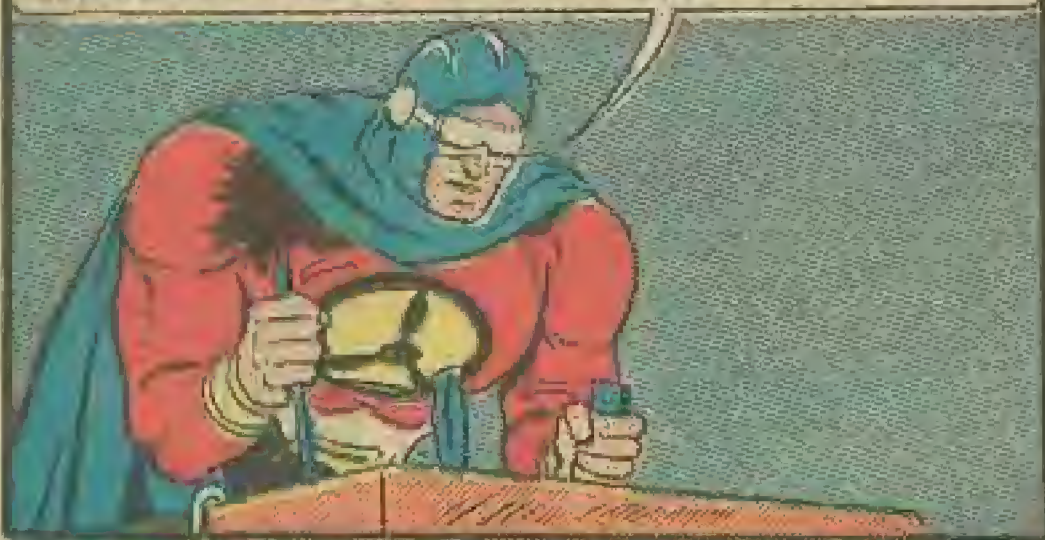


HIS TERRIFIC OFFENSE DROPS THE OFFICER LIKE A LOG—

I HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO WASTE FIGHTING WITH YOU!



THEY'VE DISCOVERED A WAY TO TURN THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY AT THE NORTH POLE INTO A BELT OF DESTRUCTIVE POWER. THERE—THE POWER IS TURNED OFF!



THE SKYMAN WAVES AN UNSEEN GREETING TO THE VICTORIOUS U.S.A. AIR FLEET!

GOOD LUCK, BOYS! YOU DID A GOOD JOB—CLEANING UP THAT AIR BASE! AND THANK THE LORD YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!



MY WING WASN'T HARMED BY THE ELECTRICAL BELT BECAUSE IT'S MADE OF PLASTICS. THE MOTOR BLOWED DUE TO THE TERRIFIC POWER THAT WAS UNLEASHED! OH! I'M TIRED!



WOUNDED AND SICK—THE SKYMAN STRUGGLES ON, HIS JOB FINISHED—THE U.S.A. SAFE FROM ATTACK—AND THE SKYMAN HIMSELF—HOMEWARD BOUND!

WHAT'S A WOUND AND TIREDNESS, THOUGH—COMPARED TO THE SAFETY OF A HUNDRED MILLION U.S. CITIZENS?



DO YOU LIKE THE SKYMAN?

WHY NOT WRITE IN AND TELL US SO?

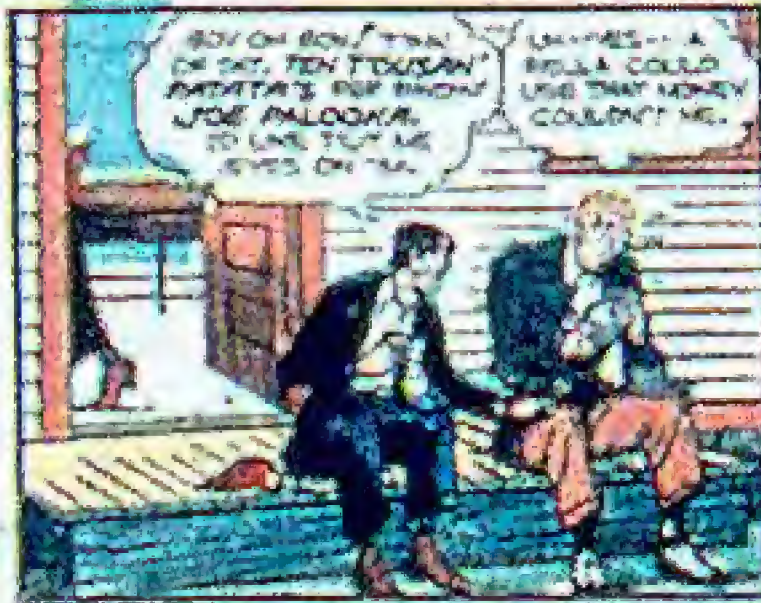
ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO—
"SKYMAN" CARE OF
COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION,
369 LEXINGTON AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

EXPLAIN WHY AND WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT THE SKYMAN—AND WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO SEE HIM DO!

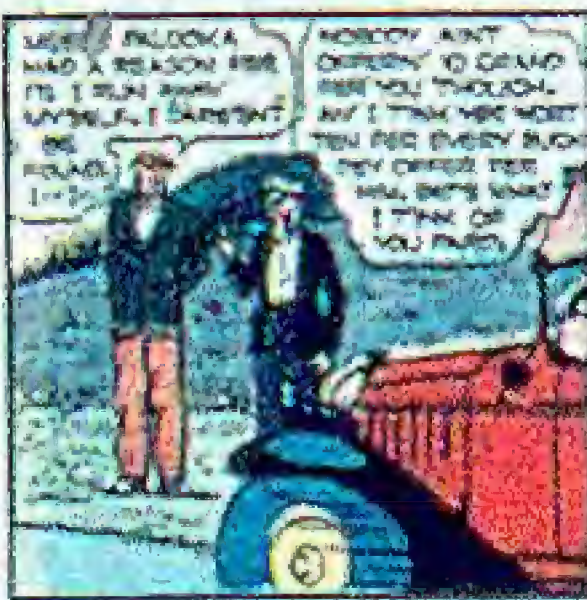
©

Follow the sensational exploits of THE SKYMAN each and every month in BIG SHOT COMICS!





THE RADIO BROADCAST HAS MADE JOE 'SICK' AT HEART. THE AUTHORITIES MUST HAVE OFFERED A REWARD. ARTHUR IS HAVING HIM TALKED -- HE'S SURE OF THAT. FOR JOE -- HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT ANN HUNG SECRETLY PUT UP THE MONEY.



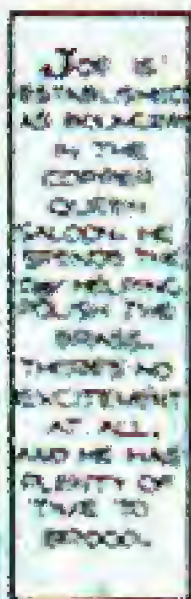
AFTER A TERRIBLE RIDE IN A SUFFOCATING BOX CAR, THE BOYS DROP OFF AT COPPERVILLE, ARIZONA.





---I NEED A MURDER
GUY LIKE YOU FOR A
BOUNDS. FIVE
MEALS, DRINKS, AND
SEVEN SLICKS PER.

I'LL TAKE IT
WHAT IS A
BOUNDS?



JOE IS
ESTABLISHED
AS BOUNDS
IN THE
COPPER
QUINN
GALLOON HE
SPENDS THE
DAY HELPING
POLISH THE
BRASS.
THERE'S NO
EXCITEMENT
AT ALL,
AND HE HAS
PLENTY OF
TIME TO
BROOD.



HULLO MO,
NA SURE LOOK
SAD, WHAT'S
THE MATTER?

OH NOTHING
BUT I JUST GOT
TITHEED BY
I STOMP.



I WERE WORKING
ON A SLICK BUT
DOLLY-- IT'S A JOE.

HEY--
BOSS SAY
CONSIDER NOW--
HULLY UP--
WASURE COME
PLUTTY SOON.



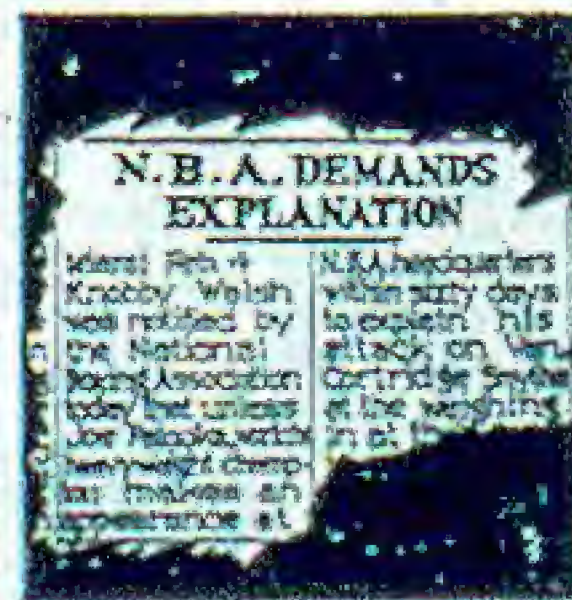
YEAH--I QUERE
THAT'S THE WAY
IT STANDS BUCKEN.
I WENT I COULD
KEEP YA-- BUT
THAT AKE RIGHT
BROKE ME.

DINGDONG! AN
DON WANT NO WAGES
NO AN MITHA JOE'S
NAVE FAMILY--BUT
DINGDONG AN GOT
PLENTY SPICES
IN DE SHAW
BNAH--



---WE OWING TTHO
DEN IN DE FOOT ED
SEARCHED TERN--DOL
WE GOTTA FIND
OUR JOE--
AN MEAN?

I'LL NEVER
FORGOTTA
FOR THE--
S--DAMEY--



**N.B.A. DEMANDS
EXPLANATION**

March 4
Knobby Welsh
was notified by
the National
Basketball
Association
today that unless
Joe Penelope, with
a 100-pound comp-
act, makes an
apology to it



THE COMMISSION
SAYS THEY'LL REVOKE
HIS LICENSE AND
REPEAL HIS
TITLE.

YEAH--
THAT'S WHAT
THEY SAID.



THAT'S PRETTY
SERIOUS. HAVE
YOU ANY STATEMENT
TO MAKE?

I TOLD EM TOO
WAME THEY LIKE.
I ONLY GOT ONE
NO MIST. THEY
KNOW NO FILL I
CAN'T EVEN THINK
I AM GOT NO
STATEMENT.



KNOBLY
LOOKS AS
THO HE
HASN'T
SLEPT IN A
LONG TIME.

HE'S BLUE
WORRIED
ABOUT
THAT JOE.

YEAH--
AND SO'S
THE WHOLE
COUNTRY.



I TOLD MOCK YA
BROKE YE DOWN--THY
CROWD--STAY AWAY
BOOK--THY WAGES
END OFF
TINK.

OH THAT'S
FINE, WERE
THEY'LL BE
COWBOYS.



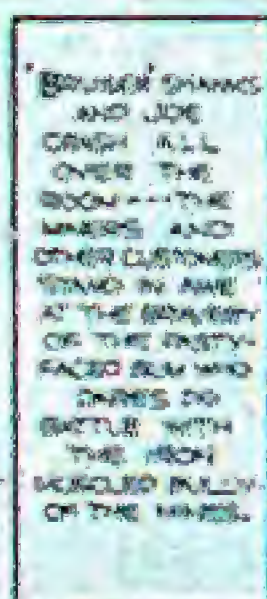
I'M WORKING NOW
THEY ARE THE
WHERE DON'T
GOT ALONG.

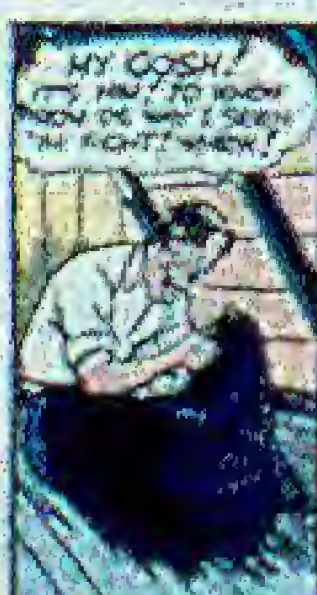
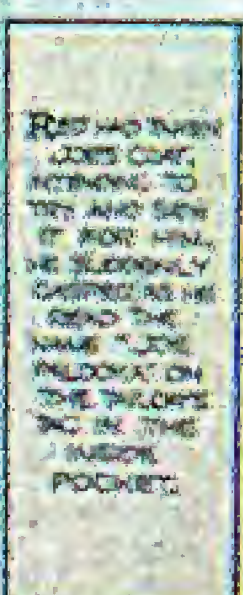
I DON'T SEE WHY
PEOPLE CAN'T GOT
ALONG, OR WHY PEOPLE
WANTS FIGHT.



WHERE THEY COME
AND 'BROU--THY WAGES
WITH 'EM--LOOKS LIKE
WE'LL HAVE SOME
WORK TO DO.

WELL--





JOE PALOOKA appears only in BIG SHOT COMICS every month!



The FACE

by MICHAEL BLAKE



OPERATING RADIO STATION WBSC, TONY TRENT COMES INTO CONTACT WITH NEWS OF CRIME AND CRIMINALS. HE HAS SET HIMSELF THE TASK OF RIGHTING WRONG IN A SOMETIMES TOPSY-TURVY WORLD AS — THE FACE / UGLY AND FORBIDDING, THE MASK WHICH HE WEARS IS LIKE SOME GRIM CARICATURE OF A HUMAN FACE ...

IN THE OFFICES OF STATION WBSC ...

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S KEEPING TONY! I — OH!



THE DOOR BANGS OPEN — AND THE FACE ENTERS!

BABS — GRAB THAT STATUETTE AND SLAM ME OVER THE HEAD — HURRY!

OOH! WHAT IN THE WORLD —!



LISTEN CLOSELY! SOME MEN ARE AFTER THE FACE — TELL 'EM HE WENT THROUGH THE WINDOW — AFTER HITTING ME! NOW — SLUG ME!

ALL — ALL RIGHT!



AN INSTANT LATER — THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN

WHERE'D HE GO? — THE FACE, I MEAN!

HE — HE HIT MR. TRENT — THEN WENT THROUGH THE WINDOW!



I'LL GO UP THE FIRE ESCAPE — YOU TWO GO DOWN! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM!



NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF GOLD FLOODING THE MARKET LATELY. I INVESTIGATED — AND FOUND A MAN WHO MAKES IT! IMAGINE THAT — HE'S FOUND THE SECRET OF THE AGES!







A TWIG SNAPS UNDERFOOT AND THE FACE WHIRLS —

CURSE THAT BRANCH!

THANKS FOR IT, YOU MEAN!

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT BRANCH — I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER!

THE GOLDMASTER KEEPS HIMSELF WELL-GUARDED! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET NEAR THAT WINDOW...

THE GOLD MASTER — AND JEFF PETERS, THE BIG BANKER! THIS IS RED-HOT NEWS, ALL RIGHT!

THE FACE TAKES ANOTHER STEP — AND A TRAP DOOR DROPS UNDER HIM!

OOOPS!

HE LINGS ON A LUCKILY POLISHED CHUTE —

IT'S SMELLY — AWFULLY SMELLY IN HERE! I WONDER —

AN — AN ACID VAT! I'LL BE SCALDED ALIVE!

WHAT A DEATH!

THE FACE — HANDS OUTSTRETCHED —
SUDDENLY MISSES THE SMOOTH WALL —

IF I CAN
ONLY CATCH
HOLD!



HIS FINGERS GLASSY — SLIP — AND
FINALLY MOLD!



SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY, HE PULLS HIM-
SELF AWAY FROM THE ACID VAT!

THIS
IS HARD
WORK!



WHEW! MADE IT!
NOW TO SEE WHERE
THIS LEADS TO! AT
LEAST I CAN CRAWL
ALONG THIS TUNNEL



THIS IS AN OLD
HOT-AIR FLUE —
AND THERE ARE THE
TWO I CAME TO FIND
OUT ABOUT!

THE FACE OVERHEARS THE GOLDMASTER
AND THE BANKER —

— THEN WE CAN RULE
THE COUNTRY! WITH
AN INEXHAUSTIBLE
GOLD SUPPLY, I'LL
BUY LAND, HOUSES,
BANKS — EVEN THE
GOVERNMENT!

YOU SHALL BE
PRESIDENT, WHILE
I SHALL BE THE
POWER BEHIND
YOUR REIGN!



HE USES HIS EVER-HANDY CAMERA TO
SNAP THE PICTURE OF THE GOLD-
MASTER AND BANKER PETERS!

I'LL HAVE INDISPUTABLE
PROOF WITH THIS!



BUT ALERT EARS HEAR THE CLICK
OF THE CAMERA!

LOOK — SOMEONE
IS TAKING OUR
PICTURE!

WE CAN'T LET
HIM OUT OF HERE
WITH WHAT HE
KNOWS!









THE BUNGLE FAMILY

TIGER HUNTING

By H. J. TUTHILL



AN, WHAT A DAY FOR A WALK IN THE WOODS. SO...



HEY BO, DOJA SEE A TIGER ANY PLACE? HE GOT AWAY FROM THE CIRCUS. GIVE US A HAND CATCHING HIM AND YOU GET \$5 AND...



TELL ME THERE'S ONE FOR THE BOON HE HUNT TIGERS BAREHANDED? NOT ME.



THAT REMINDS ME WHY SHOULD I EVEN BE IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD WITH A TIGER? WHY?

WHAT'S THAT?



I HEARD SOMETHING... THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN THOSE BUSHES...



WOW! WHAT REMINDS, ANYHOW, I'M SAFE NOW.



MY FEET, FEEL LIKE TWO BALLS OF FIRE, AND MY HEART, FROM THAT RUNNING, POUNDING LIKE A...



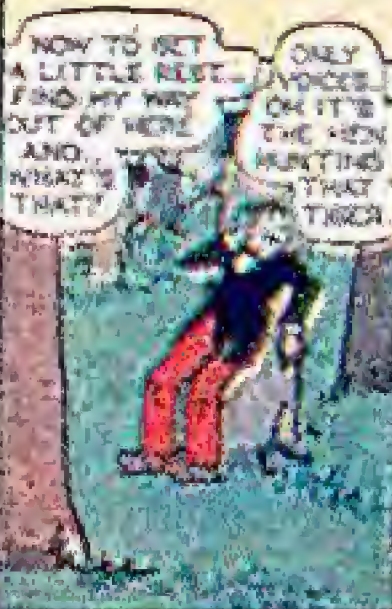
WHAT WAS THAT?



SOME THING, BREAKING UP ON ME IN THE BUSHES, THE TIGER.



THIS IS TWICE I GOT AWAY FROM HIM.



NOW TO GET A LITTLE REST, FIND MY WAY OUT OF HERE AND... WHAT'S THAT?

ONLY VOICES, ON IT'S THE MEN HUNTING THAT TIGER.



CONGRATULATIONS, YES MISTER, YOU DON'T LOOK OBSESSED FOR YOUR HELP, YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES IN NERVE, TOO.



STANDING HERE, HOLDING THAT CAT UP IN THE TREE UNTIL WE GOT HERE, YOU'RE PLENTY OKAY.



HE FAINTED, AFTER THE STRAIN OF WATCHING THAT CAT WORE OFF, HE'S OKAY, PLENTY OKAY.

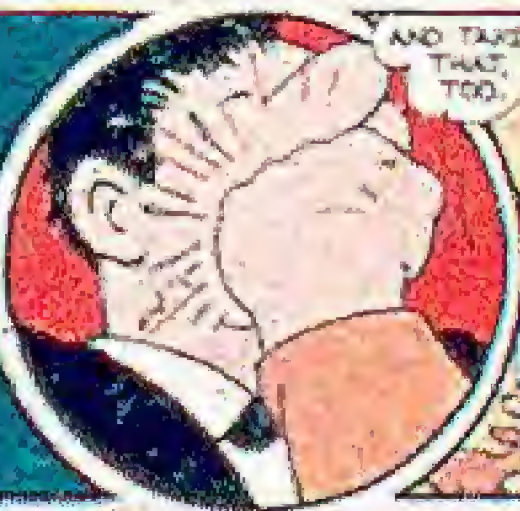
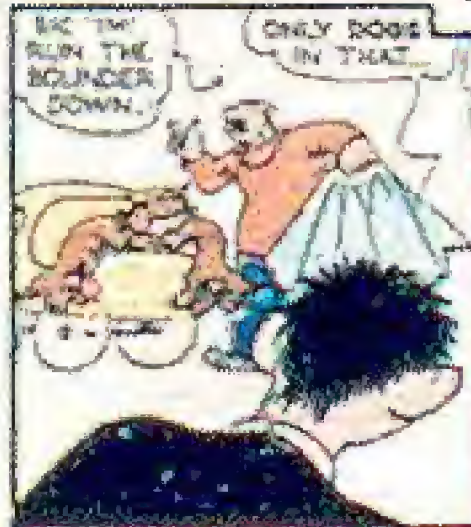
BUTTER, COME DOWN OUTA THAT TREE! MISTER, YOU HEAR HER?



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

THE LOSER WINS.

By H. J. TUTTILL.



THE BUNGLES will tickle you with laughter every month in BIG SHOT COMICS!

TOM KERRY

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

THE SPORT OF CZARS - THAT OF HUNTING WILD RUSSIAN BOARS WITH STEEL TIPPED ARROWS, DRAWS TOM KERRY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, INTO THE CHEROKEE NATIONAL FOREST IN TENNESSEE - SOLELY FOR SPORT AND RELAXATION AFTER WEEKS OF TRIAL WORK IN GENERAL AND SPECIAL SESSIONS -

HARRY TALL ARROW! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE OUR DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY! HOW ARE YOU?

I'M FINE, TOM! I'VE READ OF YOUR GREAT SUCCESS UP NORTH! WHEN I WROTE YOU TO BE MY GUEST -

TOM IS DRAWN ASIDE BY HIS FULL-BLOODED CHEROKEE FRIEND -

I NEED YOU TO HELP SOLVE A PUZZLE, TOM! I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BOARS DOWN HERE - AND SOMEONE IS KILLING THEM RIGHT AND LEFT!

I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP, HARRY!

ON THE ROAD TO THE HOTEL INDIAN CHIEF -

LOOK OUT - HARRY!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, TOM! I'LL NOT FORGET IT!

BUT - WHO'D WANT TO KILL YOU? - AND WHOEVER IT WAS IS AN EXPERT BOWMAN!

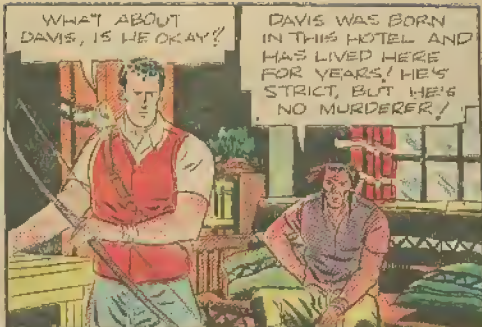
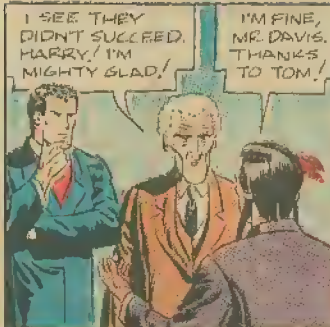
IT'S A REGULAR STEEL-TIPPED ARROW ISSUED TO OUR HOTEL GUESTS! I'M HEAD GUIDE HERE - I OUGHT TO KNOW!

THAT HIDES THE IDENTITY OF THE WOULD-BE KILLER!

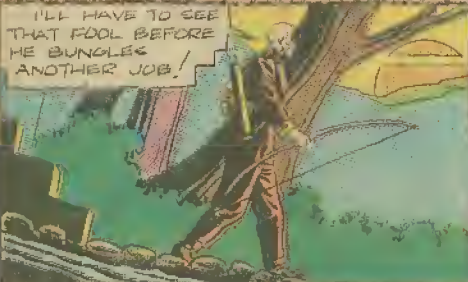
TOM KERRY, THE FAMOUS DISTRICT ATTORNEY! HOTEL INDIAN CHIEF WELCOMES YOU! I HOPE YOUR JOURNEY WAS A PLEASANT ONE!

ALL EXCEPT THE AUTO RIDE! SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL HARRY!

TOM
KERRY
STUDIES
GILBERT
DAVIS,
THE
HOTEL
OWNER!



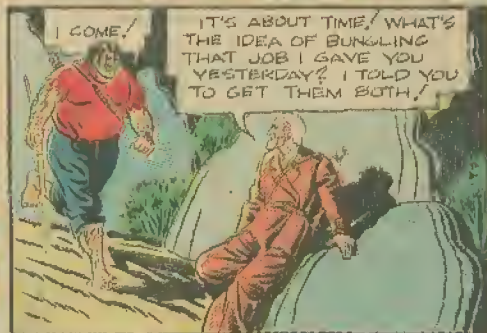
AS TOM AND HARRY TALK ABOUT DAVIS - THE LATTER LEAVES THE HOTEL -



DAVIS
ARRIVES
AT
CHEROKEE
PEAK
AND
BLOWS
ON A
SHORT
HORN HE
CARRIES!



DEED
IN THE
WILD
FOREST
A
STRANGE
GIANT OF
A MAN
HEARS
THE
HORN -



I FIRE AT HARRY - THEN SLIP! FELL OFF ROCK - HURT LEG! LOOK AGAIN - THEY COME!



AS
DAVIS
LEAVES,
THE
GIANT
SECRETES
HIMSELF
ALONG A
WELL-USED
GAME
TRAIL!



TOM
KERRY
STUDIES
GILBERT
DAVIS,
THE
HOTEL
OWNER!

I SEE THEY
DIDN'T SUCCEED.
HARRY! I'M
MIGHTY GLAD!

I'M FINE,
MR. DAVIS.
THANKS
TO TOM!



WHAT ABOUT
DAVIS, IS HE OKAY?

DAVIS WAS BORN
IN THIS HOTEL AND
HAS LIVED HERE
FOR YEARS! HE'S
STRICT, BUT HE'S
NO MURDERER!



AS TOM AND HARRY TALK ABOUT DAVIS -
THE LATTER LEAVES THE HOTEL -

I'LL HAVE TO SEE
THAT FOOL BEFORE
HE BUNGLES
ANOTHER JOB!



DAVIS
ARRIVES
AT
CHEROKEE
PEAK
AND
BLOWS
ON A
SHORT
HORN HE
CARRIES!



DEEP
IN THE
WILD
FOREST
A
STRANGE
GIANT OF
A MAN
HEARS
THE
HORN -



THE CALL! I MUST
GO AT ONCE!

I COME!

IT'S ABOUT TIME! WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF BUNGLING
THAT JOB I GAVE YOU
YESTERDAY? I TOLD YOU
TO GET THEM BOTH!



I FIRE AT
HARRY - THEN
SLIP! FELL OFF
ROCK - HURT LEG!
LOOK AGAIN -
THEY GONE!

WELL, NEVER MIND!
THEY'RE HUNTING
TODAY - FOLLOW
THEM - AND KILL
THEM BOTH!



AS
DAVIS
LEAVES,
THE
GIANT
SECRETES
HIMSELF
ALONG A
WELL-USED
GAME
TRAIL!



THIS TIME
I KILL!

REMEMBER WHEN YOU TAUGHT ME TO SHOOT THIS THING, HARRY? I'VE BEEN PRACTISING EVER SINCE! WATCH!



YOU WERE ALWAYS QUICK AND HAVE A STEADY HAND, TOM! GO AHEAD, SHOOT!

UNKNOWINGLY, TOM PICKS A TREE NEAR THE HIDING GIANT TO TEST HIS MARKSMANSHIP —

WATCH THE BEE HIVE IN THAT TREE, HARRY!



THE WOODS GIANT FAILS TO HEAR THE ARROW WHISTLING OVER-HEAD!



I KILL NOW!

TOM'S ARROW SAILS INTO THE BEE-HIVE — THE BEES SAIL OUT AND STING THE GIANT, SPOILING HIS AIM!



BEEES STING-OUCH!

HARRY TALL ARROW TACKLES TOM, SAVING HIM FROM THE GIANT'S SPENT ARROW!

LOOK OUT!



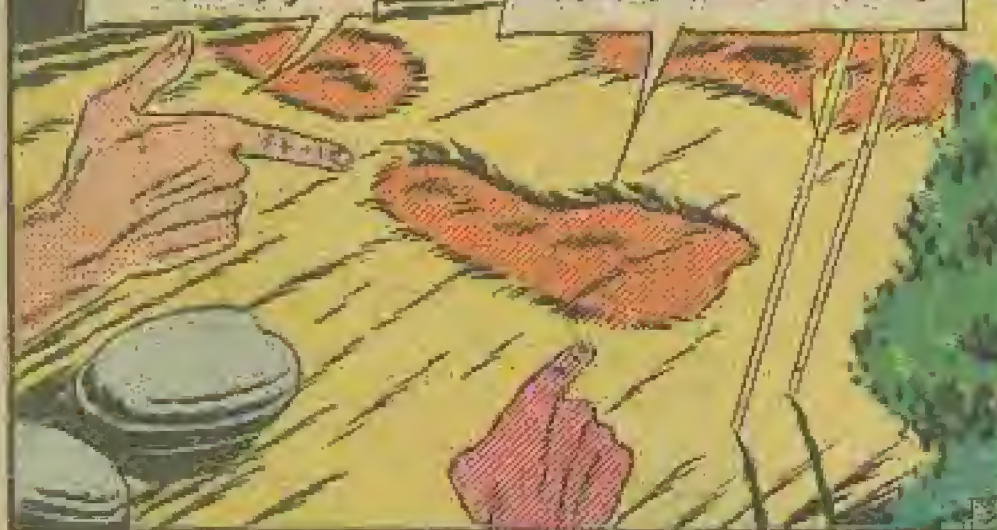
SOMETHING SPOILED THAT HIDDEN ARCHER'S AIM — I THINK IT WAS THE BEES!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IF THAT ARROW HAD BEEN FIRED TRULY, MY TACKLE WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!



A GIANT MAN WAS HERE, TOM! LOOK WHERE HE STOOD!

— AND SEE THESE ARROWS PLANTED IN THE GROUND! READY TO FIRE!



TOM KERRY AND HARRY TALL ARROW TAKE UP THE TRAIL —

I CAN FOLLOW HIS TRAIL! LET'S GET HIM!

RIGHT WITH YOU, HARRY! WATCH OUT FOR MORE ARROWS, THOUGH!



THE GIANT FLEES BEFORE THE TWO MEN AND COMES UPON A GIRL HUNTER-



FAIL KILL THEN!
KILL GIRL! SHE NO
TALK ABOUT SEE ME!



— AN INSTANT LATER —

OH-H-
O-O-



LOOK, HARRY!
A GIRL! SHOT!

SOME MORE
OF THAT
DEVIL'S WORK!



SHE STILL
LIVES! LET'S
GET HER
BACK TO THE
HOTEL AND
A DOCTOR!

YOU CARRY
HER! I'LL
WATCH OUT
FOR THE
GIANT IN
CASE HE
FOLLOWS US!



THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE HOTEL BRINGS
GREAT EXCITEMENT!

THIS WILL CAUSE
SOME TALK!

IT'S ABOUT TIME
THEY GOT THE
AUTHORITIES IN HERE!



I'M CALLING IN
THE LOCAL POLICE,
MR. DAVIS!
I HAVE SMALL
AUTHORITY DOWN
IN TENNESSEE,
YOU KNOW!

BUT THE DOCTOR
SAYS THE GIRL
WILL LIVE! CAN'T
WE - SORT OF -
FORGET THE WHOLE
THING?



DAVIS' TONES BELIEF HIS WORDS - AND
MAKE TOM SUSPICIOUS OF HIM

IF IT WEREN'T FOR
THE FACT THAT THERE'S
A HOMICIDIAL MANIAC
LOOSE IN THE FOREST, I
WOULD! HE TRIED TO GET
ME TODAY AND FAILED!

FAILED
EH! I -
I'M GLAD!



THAT
NIGHT
TOM,
ON
STRICT
WATCH,
SEES
DAVIS
LEAVE
THE
HOTEL

HARRY - DAVIS IS LEAVING
NOW! LET'S FOLLOW HIM!



I'M NOT CALLING IN THE AUTHORITIES UNTIL TOMORROW! I HOPE TO BREAK THIS CASE MYSELF - TONIGHT!

YOU THINK DAVIS KNOWS THIS GIANT, EH? SO DO I!



FAR AHEAD OF TOM AND HARRY, DAVIS CLIMBS A SHEER CLIFF WALL -

THIS IS THE SHORT CUT TO JIM'S CAVE! I'LL MEET HIM THERE!



DAVIS ARRIVES AT THE ENTRANCE TO A MOUNTAIN CAVE -

HE ISN'T HERE - BUT THE HORN WILL FETCH HIM!



THE HORN REACHES THE EARS OF TOM AND HARRY!

THAT HORN SOUNDED UP ON THE MOUNTAIN! WE'RE GOING UP!



SOMEONE CAME UP THIS WAY JUST AHEAD OF US - THE TWIGS AND BUSHES ARE BENT!

YOU'LL HAVE TO TEACH ME THE ART OF TRAILING SOMEDAY, HARRY! I COULD USE YOUR KNOWLEDGE!



TOM AND HARRY HEAR VOICES ABOVE THEM -

YOU FAILED AGAIN! YOU IGNORANT FOOL! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE FACT THAT -

I TRY KILL AGAIN! I NOT FAIL THIRD TIME!



ROCKGONE! THEY'LL HEAR THAT ROCK I JUST KICKED!

I'LL HURRY TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF!



HARRY TALL ARROW COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE GIANT!

HE HERE! KILL! NO FAIL NOW!

TOM! HURRY UP! I CAN'T HOLD THIS BIGGUY FOREVER!





HANG ON,
HARRY!
I'M COMING!



HARRY SWINGS THE GIANT BACKWARD
WITH A HARD RIGHT TO THE CHIN -
STAND ASIDE -
I'LL FINISH HIM!



THAT TAKES
YOU OUT OF
THIS FIGHT,
DAVIS!

TOM KERRY -
O-O-O-H!

BUT
THE
INFURIATED
GIANT
HURTLES
UPON
TOM
WITHOUT
WARNING!



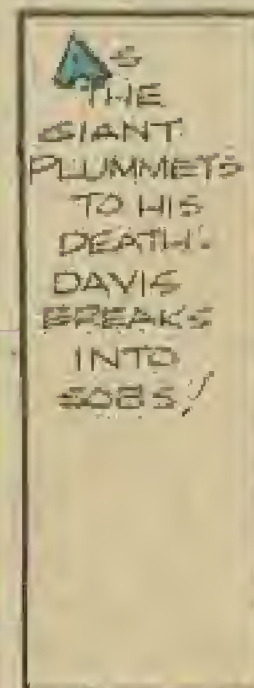
KILL!
KILL!

I CAN'T SHOOT AN
UNARMED MAN - YET
HE'LL FLING ME
OVER THE CLIFF WITH
ONE HAND!



TOM TRIES A TRICK OF HIS CHILDHOOD -
THE "PUSH-OVER-BACK" - ONLY WITHOUT
THE PUSHER!

KILL -
AAAAGH!



AS
THE
GIANT
PLUMMETS
TO HIS
DEATH -
DAVIS
BREAKS
INTO
SOBS!

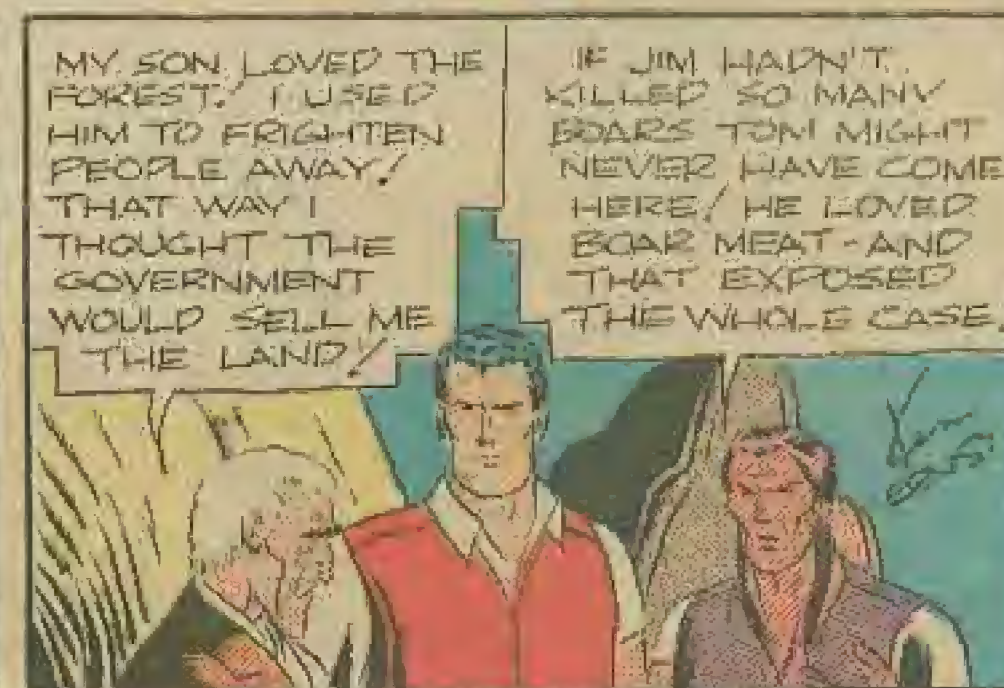


MY BOY!
MY - MY
BOY!

WHAT'S THAT?
YOUR - YOUR
BOY!



WHEN I WAS YOUNGER I FELL IN LOVE
WITH AN INDIAN GIRL - WE MARRIED!
THE GIANT - JIM - WAS OUR SON. HIS
MOTHER DIED WHEN HE WAS BORN.
RECENTLY I FOUND OIL ON THE HOTEL
LAND - I INTENDED TO BUY IT FROM
THE GOVERNMENT.



MY SON LOVED THE
FOREST. I USED
HIM TO FRIGHTEEN
PEOPLE AWAY!
THAT WAY I
THOUGHT THE
GOVERNMENT
WOULD SELL ME
THE LAND!

IF JIM HADN'T
KILLED SO MANY
BOARS TOM MIGHT
NEVER HAVE COME
HERE! HE LOVED
BOAR MEAT - AND
THAT EXPOSED
THE WHOLE CASE!

TOM KERRY, the two-listed District Attorney, battles Crime and Lawlessness in every issue of BIG SHOT COMICS!

THE REVOLT THAT FAILED

by
JACK ANTHONY

A THOUSAND feet below lay the rolling green mountains of the tropical country of Costa Pura and up ahead the low, powerful drone of the plane's engine sounded like sweet music to Dick Brent as he settled back comfortably in the pilot's seat. But his deep appreciation of the plane's performance was dispelled by a bullet that ripped through the canvas directly in front of him and continued on through the ceiling of the cabin.

"Well, I'll be . . ." Dick started to exclaim but never finished the sentence because a second bullet found its mark in the vital organs of the plane. The carburetor was shattered into a hundred pieces and the severed gas line drenched the side of the engine with the precious fluid. The motor spluttered, coughed weakly and went dead. Dick shut off the ignition and prepared to glide to earth.

"Some fool down there is going to get his ears knocked off as soon as I land!" Dick muttered angrily. He banked to the left and spotted a small clearing in the tropical vegetation. Pointing the nose of the ship in that direction, he headed down. With the smoothness of a gliding eagle the plane descended in a series of wide circles.

Dick felt the wheels of the ship bounce along the ground and brought it to a stop about twenty yards from the edge of the clearing. Almost immediately, five armed men appeared from the underbrush and raced madly toward the disabled plane. With rifles raised to their shoulders for ready use, they surrounded the machine and one of the men, evidently the leader, stepped forward and made it quite obvious by waving his revolver that he wanted Dick to get out of the cabin.

Dick looked longingly at his own automatic hanging in a holster at the side of the instrument

panel but his better judgment warned him it would be a useless struggle to attempt to fight his way out. He was completely outnumbered and even a magician would find it most difficult to escape in a plane with a demolished carburetor and a severed gas line.

With a sigh of resignation, he opened the door of the cabin and leaped to the ground. Cautiously the armed natives gathered around and the leader advanced, still waving his revolver like a bandmaster. "Senor, you are a prisoner of war! You will come with us to the great General Francisco Miguel Castro's headquarters. We wish to speak with you! And please, senor, no monkey business, as you say in American, or I shall be forced to squeeze the trigger of my revolver . . . and that would be a little unfortunate, no?"

"Yes, that would be decidedly uncomfortable," agreed Dick and proceeded to march along with the soldiers. Fifteen minutes later the group passed a drowsing sentry and approached the encampment of General Castro. They marched directly to the one-story adobe building that served as the General's house and headquarters.

Dick was led through the doorway and into a room that smelled of over-ripe bananas and garlic. In one corner near an open window sprawled a chubby, round-faced native whose mouth was entirely concealed by a huge, walrus mustache. From somewhere near the center of the lip-decoration a large cigar jutted out and pointed toward the ceiling at a jaunty angle.

"General Castro," proudly announced Dick's captor as he saluted stiffly, "I bring before you

the Americans you desired!"

The General raised his beetle-brow and swung his legs from the window sill. "You have done mighty well, my brave Lieutenant! Was the plane damaged much in bringing it down?"

"The gasoline line was cut and the carburetor was smashed but already I have a mechanic forcing them up to be finished for your trip to the capital tomorrow morning."

"Excellent!" the General nodded approvingly, and then he addressed Dick. "I apologize most humbly for whatever trouble I have caused you, but in serious times like these drastic steps must be taken to insure the success of our cause!"

Despite the gravity of the situation, Dick was inwardly amused at the chubby general's attitude of sincerity. "The end justifies the means, eh, General?"

"Not of course," exclaimed General Castro. "Particularly when one is starting a revolution to overthrow the government . . . and in this revolution an airplane will be a great advantage to me. Tomorrow morning I intend to fly in your plane over the capital and by dropping a few bombs and scattering pamphlets I hope to convert my worthy rival, President Gomez, that it will be much healthier for him to leave the country and allow me to become *El Presidente*!"

"The clarity with which you express your purpose really surprises me, General!" said Dick. "But I sincerely pray that when the plane reaches an altitude of about 5,000 feet something goes wrong with the motor and down you come like a ton of bricks to smack your head against the side of a mountain!"

The General's face turned beet-red and he leaped to his feet. "Insolent dog! You have insulted the great General Castro . . . and for

that you shall die! Lieutenant, take the pig of an American to the guardhouse and when the sun rises tomorrow, place him against a wall and shoot him dead!"

Having delivered the decree, the General sank back into his chair and puffed on his cigar with vigor and determination. The Lieutenant grabbed Dick by the arm and escorted him out of the room and across the courtyard. On the far side stood the jail, a squat building of mud and stone with a heavy, iron door and two small windows barred with thick pieces of timber.

DICK was shoved into the gloomy room and the door was shut and locked behind him. The Lieutenant stationed a soldier to guard the prisoner and threatened him with death in the event that the Americans escaped. Dick rested his elbows on one of the window sills and gazed out at the sun-drenched courtyard. "Well, you certainly got yourself into a mess of trouble this time, Dick, my lad!"

Dick had left Mexico City early that morning and he knew his friends would be expecting to see him in Panama in the evening, but they would certainly never suspect that any delay on his part would be caused by becoming accidentally involved in one of Costa Pura's numerous revolutions. They might send out searching parties, believing that he had made a forced landing in the jungles; but even the finest of aviators would have difficulty in locating General Castro's encampment. And tomorrow morning he was to face a firing squad . . .

The sun set and tropic night blanketed the countryside. Eagerly awaiting the darkness, Dick stole to the window and peered out. The native guard, by this time extremely tired with his sentry duty, shuffled slowly past. His rifle was slung carelessly over his shoulder and as he moved in front of the window, Dick grabbed the weapon and yanked it free. The startled guard swung around but before he could open his mouth to shout the butt end of the rifle connected with his skull and he

collapsed.

Using the rifle as a lever, Dick succeeded in loosening the sections of timber that barred the window. Quickly he scrambled through the opening and hugging the wall, crept around the courtyard toward General Castro's headquarters. Twice he was startled by the appearance of native soldiers, but, fortunately, he was not discovered. Gaining the rear of the adobe building, he opened an open window. Cautiously he scaled the sill and stood in a dark room. His eyes, becoming accustomed to the gloom, discerned a chair, a table and a bed.



And on the bed reposed the round body of General Castro.

Dick acted with lightning-like speed. Seizing a sash from the General's uniform, he wrapped it around Castro's head and face to prevent an outcry. Quickly he bound his hands and feet, and though the General was squelching like an eel, he flung him over his shoulder and climbed out the window. Dick melted into the deep shadows as a guard passed, and then started forward again, heading in the direction of his airplane. Without mishap, he weaved his way through the encampment and fifteen minutes later he de-

posited the struggling form of the general in the cabin of the airplane.

The following morning the papers of not only Costa Pura but all the Central American countries ran the story of General Castro's capture in headline captions. Dick had flown the repaired plane directly to the airport at Cordoba, the capital of Costa Pura, and there handed over General Castro to the astonished but none-the-less-thankful police officials. With the chubby general's imprisonment came the collapse of the budding revolution.

On the steps of the presidential palace at Cordoba, President Gomez pinned a huge medal on Dick's chest and shook his hand warmly. "Senor Brent, your brave and noble deed will remain forever in the hearts of my countrymen as a sacred memento! I sincerely wish I could demonstrate, even in some small fashion, my gratitude!"

Dick was thoughtful for a moment and then, with a twinkle in his eye, he said: "Would it be asking too much if I billed you for a new gas line and a new carburetor?"

THE END.

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES

- appear each and every month in BIG SHOT COMICS!

MARVELO

MONARCH of MAGICIANS

ON THE VAN ESTER ESTATE ON A BRIGHT MAY MORNING - YOUNG CLIFFORD VAN ESTER IS BRUTALLY KIDNAPPED!

QUIT
YER
KICKIN'!

YOU - YOU
LET ME ALONE -
HELP ME!
HELP -

BY
FRED
GUARDINEER

SOME HOURS LATER CLIFFORD'S ABSENCE IS NOTED BY HIS ANGUISHED MOTHER WHO CALLS IN THE FAMILY LAWYER - - -

GONE
GONE! HE
SIMPLY HAS
VANISHED
FROM
SIGHT!

I'LL TURN
THE MATTER
OVER TO THE
FEDERAL AUTHOR-
ITIES AT ONCE,
MRS. VANESTER!
HMM-M - A
SHAME, A SHAME!

THAT MUST BE
THE FAMOUS MARVELO -
THE GREAT MAGICIAN!
I WONDER IF HE CAN
HELP ME?

THE FAMILY LAWYER SPEAKS TO
MARVELO, ASKING HIS HELP ON
THE KIDNAPPING CHASE -

I READ OF YOUR
EXPLOITS IN THE
BIG CITY WHERE
YOU BROKE UP
THOSE TWO GANGS.
WOULD YOU HELP
SOLVE A BOY
KIDNAPPING
MYSTERY?

WITH
PLEASURE,
ANYONE
WHO KID-
NAPS A
CHILD
OUGHT
TO BE
SEVERELY
PUNISHED.

MRS. VAN ESTER IS OVERJOYED
TO RECEIVE THE MAGICIANS
RID!

THEN
MAY ZEE - MY
SERVANT - AND I
LOOK AROUND?
PERHAPS WE
CAN BE OF SOME
RID.

ANYTHING
YOU DO WILL
BE GREATLY
APPRECIAT-
ED, MARVELO

ZEE, THE HOTTENTOT IS ENDOWED
BY NATURE WITH SENSITIVE EYES
AND NOSTRILS WHICH HE USES
TO LEARN INFORMATION ABOUT
THE KIDNAPPERS!

BIG MAN
TAKE BOY -
VERY BIG
MAN!

THAT'S A
CLUE, I THINK
I'LL TAKE A LOOK
AROUND THE
COUNTRYSIDE.
KALORA!

AS SOON AS THE MAGICIAN
MENTIONS THE MAGIC WORD
"KALORA" - HE BECOMES A
GIANT HIMSELF!

WITH MY
INCREASED RANGE
OF VISION I CAN
SEE MILES - AND I
THINK I SEE THAT
BIG MAN!





REACHING TOP FLIGHT MOUNTAIN IN FIVE STEPS, MARVELO THEN RESUMES HIS NORMAL APPEARANCE!

I THINK WE MUST TEACH THIS DOCTOR HAYLES A LESSON TOO, ZEE

THE MOUNTAIN FORMS AN ESCALATOR FOR MARVELO AND ZEE!

THE MOUNTAIN SHALL DO ITS BIT TO HELP US - KALORA!

MOVING STEPS, SAHIB!!

THIS MOVING STAIRCASE GREAT THING TO HAVE FOR SLED RIDE IN WINTER TIME, SAHIB!

IT WOULD BE - BUT WE HAVE WORK TO DO. YOU SHALL BE A LITTLE BOY, ZEE - KALORA!

MARVELO TURNS ZEE INTO A LITTLE BOY SO THAT HE CAN GAIN ENTRANCE TO DOCTOR HAYLES SANATORIUM!

PRETEND YOU ARE SICK, ZEE! HERE COMES SOMEONE NOW!

THIS IS DOCTOR HAYLES

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE LITTLE FELLOW?

TUMMY HURT-

MY SON COMPLAINS OF STOMACH PAINS. CAN YOU CURE HIM?

WHILE MARVELO SITS AND TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR - HE ROAMS IN SPIRIT THROUGHOUT THE BUILDING!

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THIS UNUSUAL HOSPITAL!

IN HIS SEARCH MARVELO FINDS A SMALL BOY WEeping

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY LITTLE MAN?

MY BROTHER! THE DOCTOR'S GOING TO OPERATE ON HIS BRAIN!

MAYBE WE CAN STOP IT - SHALL WE?

WHO ARE YOU? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU AROUND HERE BEFORE!

MARVELO DOES NOT WANT THE NURSE TO SUSPECT HIS UNUSUAL POWERS - SO HE REMAINS IN-VISIBLE TO HER!

YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE, JIMMY. GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM!

MY FRIEND BROUGHT ME HERE!

HELLO! JIMMY!

HHE FOOLS THE NURSE WHO CANNOT SEE HIM!

BUT HE WAS HERE! NOW - HE'S GONE!

JIMMY, YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING COME ALONG NOW!

WHEN THE NURSE HAS GONE MARVELO SPEAKS TO THE BOY ON THE OPERATING TABLE -

SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHY THE DOCTOR IS GOING TO OPERATE ON YOU!

HE WANTS TO MAKE ME A GREAT THINKER - AND INTENDS TO CUT MY BRAIN SO I'LL BE A GENIUS! BUT I DON'T WANT HIM TO!

NO MAN CAN INTERFERE WITH NATURE LIKE THIS! IT'S WRONG! BOBBY, I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU - AND ALL THE REST OF THE BOYS, TOO!

GEE - THAT'S SWELL, MISTER - BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE DOCTOR - HE'S MIGHTY POWERFUL!

MARVELO REAPPEARS IN SPIRIT IN HIS BODY AGAIN - ALTHOUGH WHILE HE WAS GONE (SO GREAT IS MARVELO'S POWER) THE DOCTOR NEVER NOTICED ANYTHING UNUSUAL!

I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE BOY!

I'M SURE YOU WILL - BUT FORGET ABOUT THE WHOLE THING - KALORA!

THE DOCTOR FORGETS THE ENTIRE VISIT OF MARVELO AND ZEE - AT THE WORD "KALORA"!

WERE A MAN AND BOY JUST IN HERE - OR - NO, NO! I MUST HAVE BEEN DAYDREAMING! NOW FOR THAT OPERATION.

THE DOCTOR MUTTERED TO HIMSELF - AND MARVELO OVER-HEARS HIS FIENDISH PLAN!

-BY CUTTING CERTAIN BRAIN TISSUES I CAN MAKE CHILDREN BRIGHT OR STUPID! I SHALL BE MASTER OF THE WORLD WITH MY SECRET!

HE MUST BE STOPPED - HE IS A DANGEROUS MAN!

BEHIND ZEE AN ARM REACHES OUT WITH A CLOTH FILLED WITH CHLOROFORM

UMFF - PHFF -





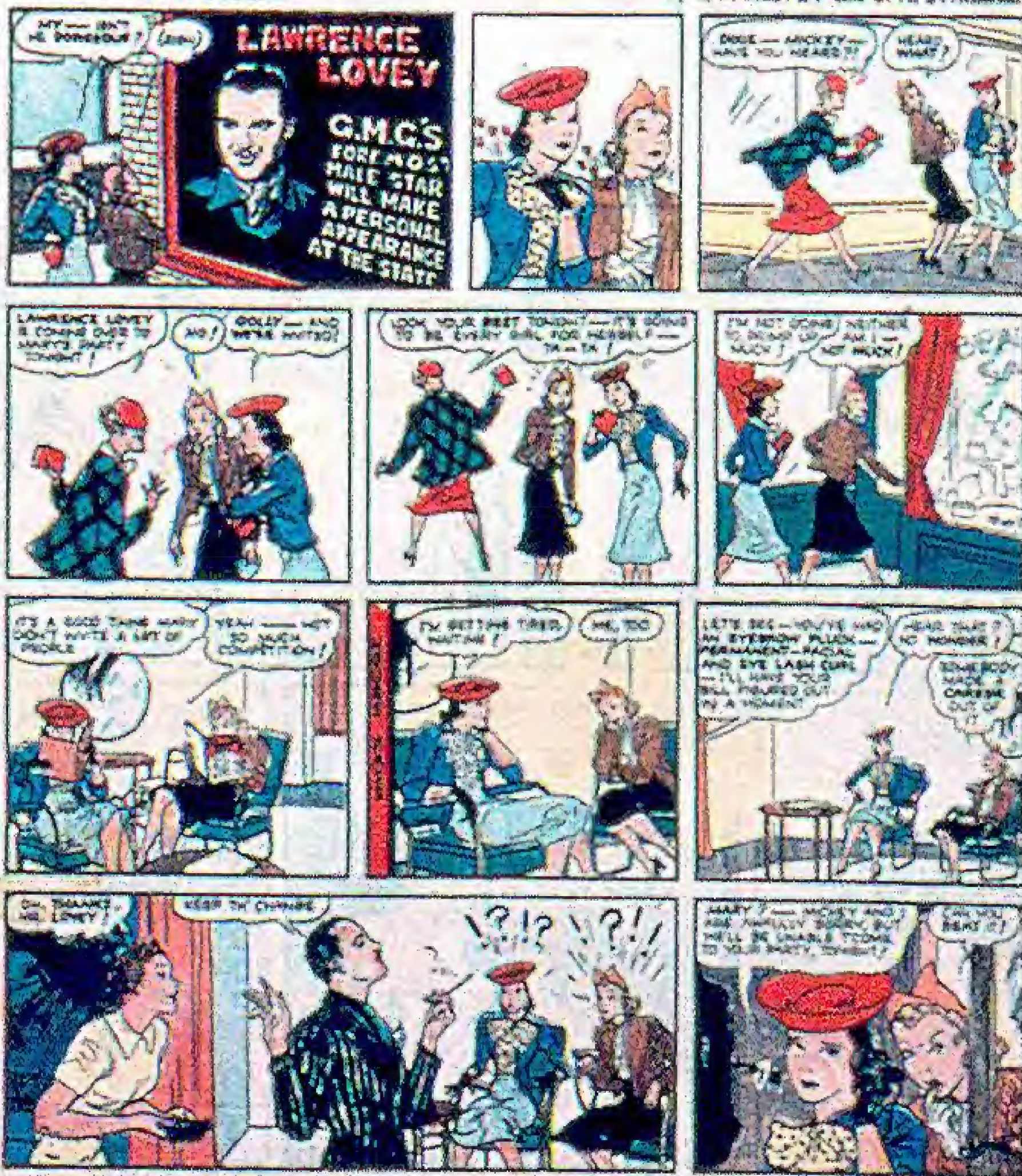






DIXIE DUGAN

By I. P. McEVY and J. H. STRIEBEL

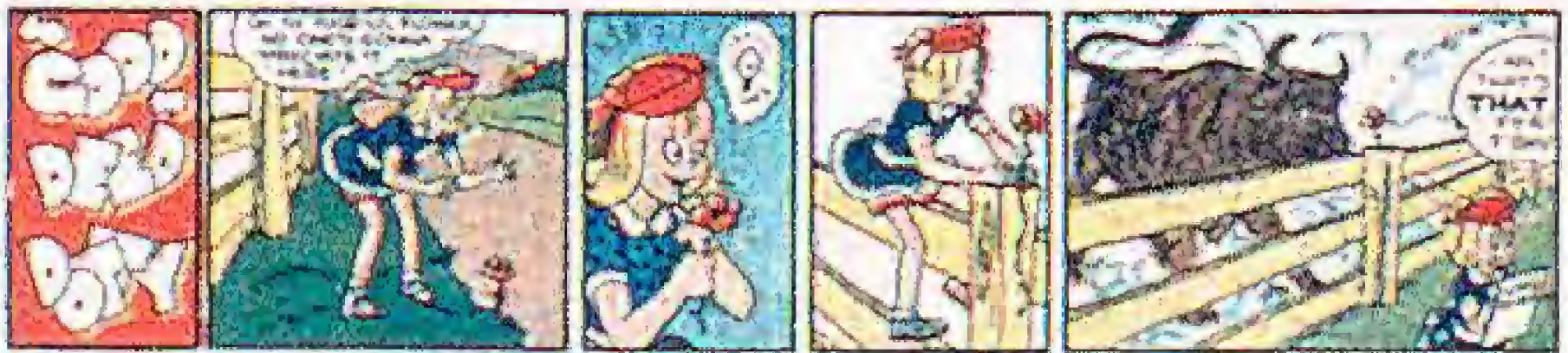




DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



The humorous adventures of DIXIE DUGAN appear each and every month in BIG SHOT COMICS!

DO YOU KNOW—

THAT the watermarks were put on stamps to prevent counterfeits; Engravings, etc. on stamps can be duplicated, whereas watermarks are formed in the paper itself before the stamps are printed.

THAT in a recent survey among school children one out of every four or 25 per cent claimed stamp collecting their favorite hobby.

The stamp is printed in rich blue and is the size of the current special delivery stamp. The design consists of a reproduction of the historic Charter Oak. Post Office figures show that 70,726,806 stamps of this design were issued and sold. It is worth while to get a block of these stamps as it appears to be one of the history of the entire commemoration.

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ROCKY RYAN



ROCKY RYAN



AFTER HELPING TO BREAK UP THE OUTLAW BAND OF BHASHA IN, ROCKY RYAN AND ROY SET OFF FOR BARDELLY ACROSS THE FLAT PLAINS OF KUSHKA, DETERMINED TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE OF ROY'S IDENTITY—

LOOK, ROY - THOSE SOLDIERS / THEY'RE BRITISH LANCERS /



DO YOU THINK THEY WILL KNOW WHO MY PARENTS ARE?

MAYBE NOT - BUT THEY'LL GUIDE US TO BARDELLY - THEN WE'LL BE ABLE TO START OUR SEARCH!



GREETINGS TO THE LANCERS FROM ROCKY RYAN!

ADVANCE, RYAN!



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL RICKRIDGE / I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU!

ROCKY RYAN! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL THESE MONTHS SINCE YOU RESIGNED TO FIGHT OUTLAWS ON YOUR OWN!



TRAVELLING ALL OVER INDIA, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY COMRADE, ROY!

YOU LOOK FAMILIAR TO ME - AS THOUGH I'D SEEN YOU BEFORE!

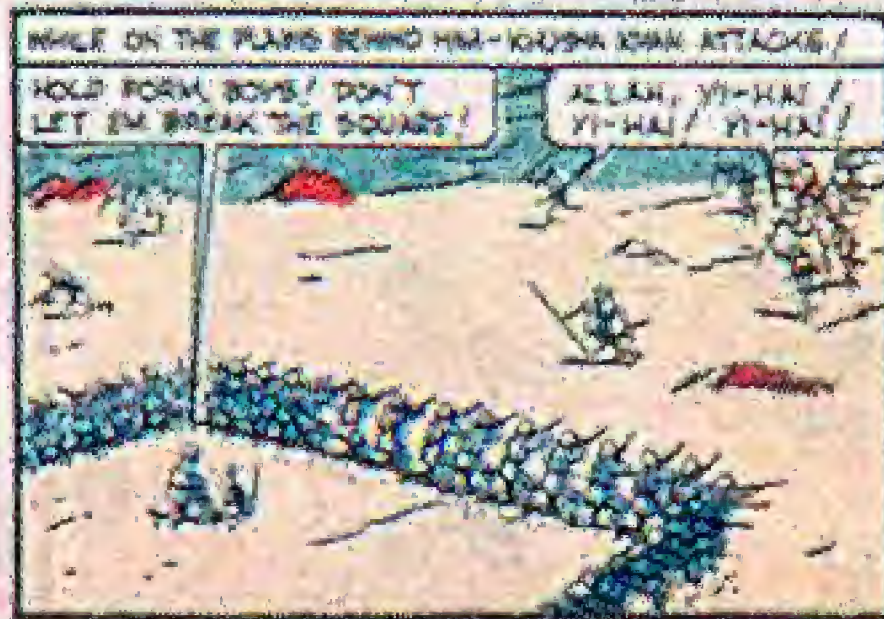
I DON'T THINK SO, MR!

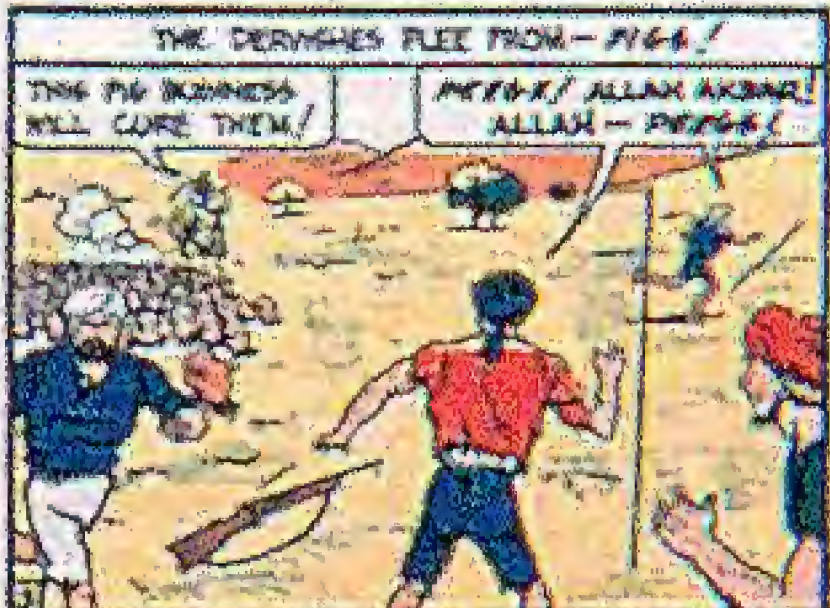
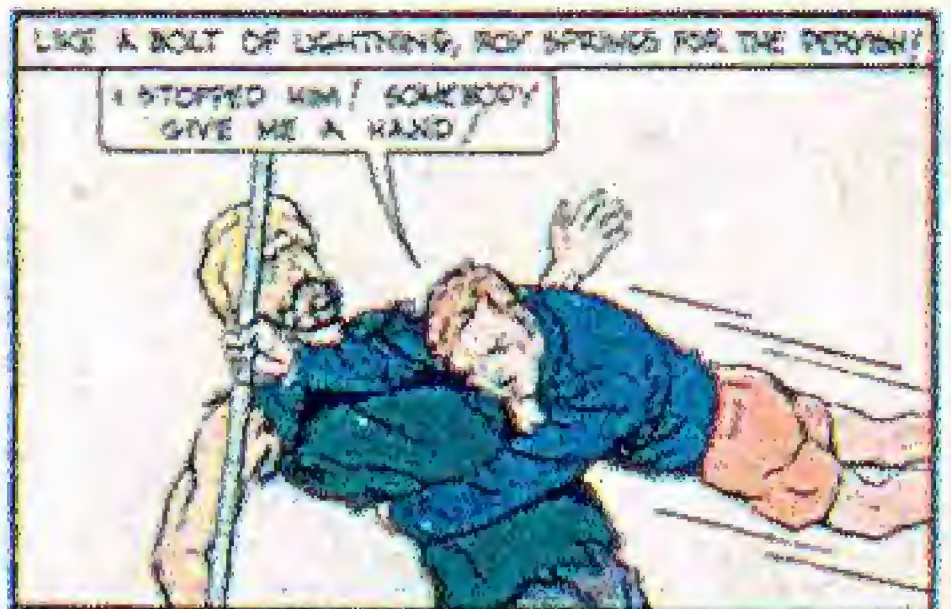
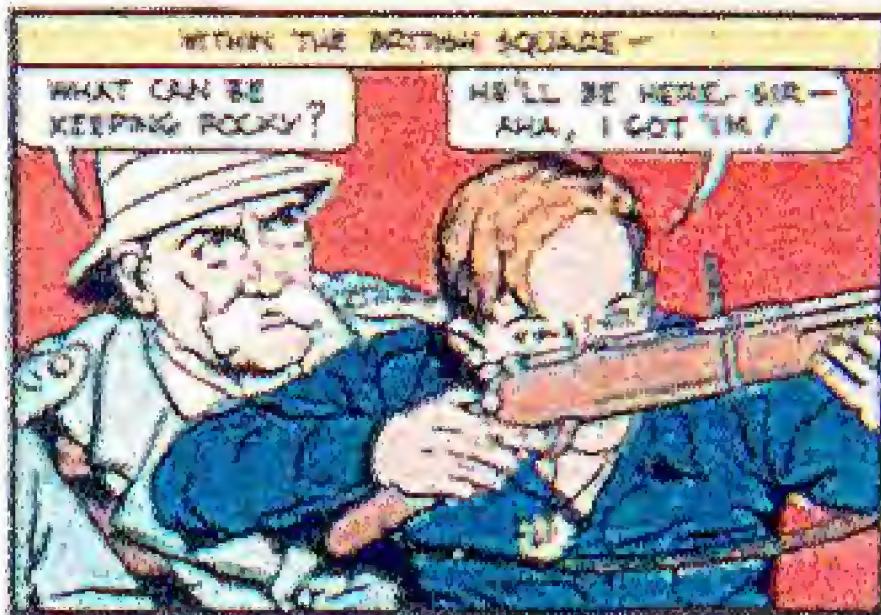


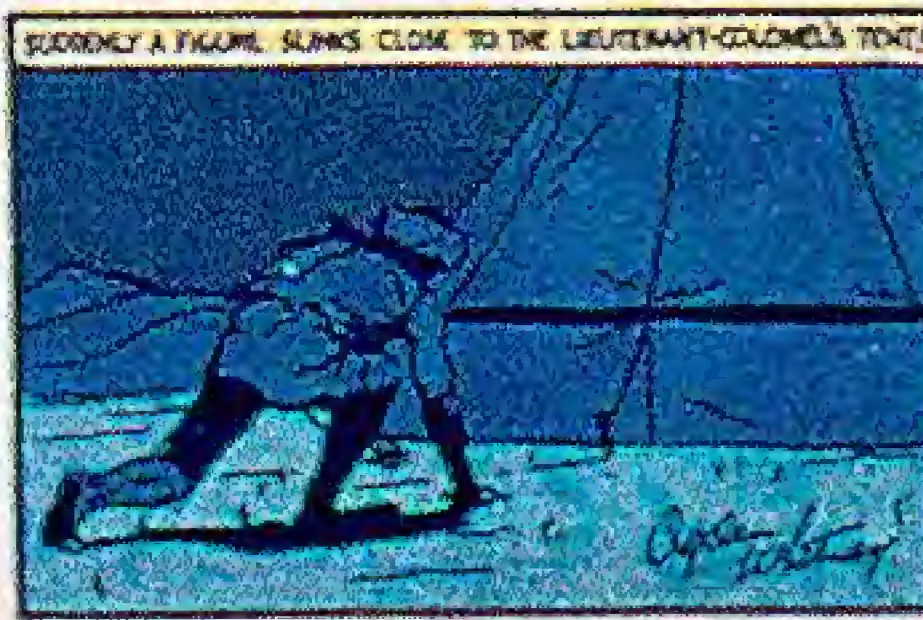
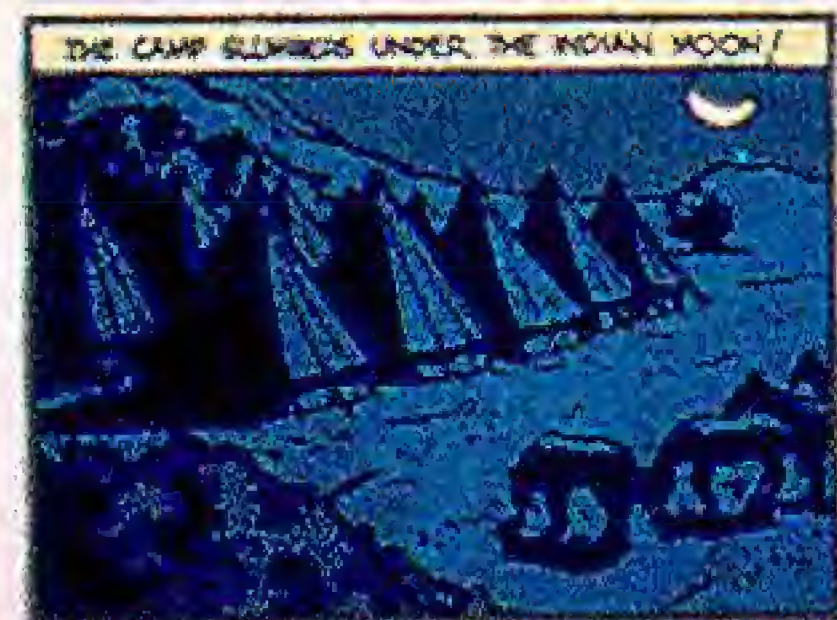
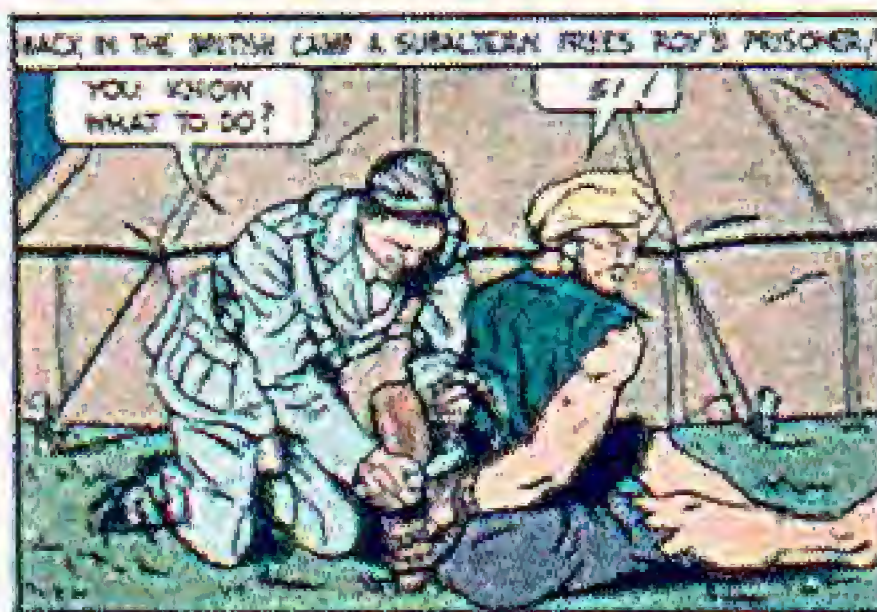
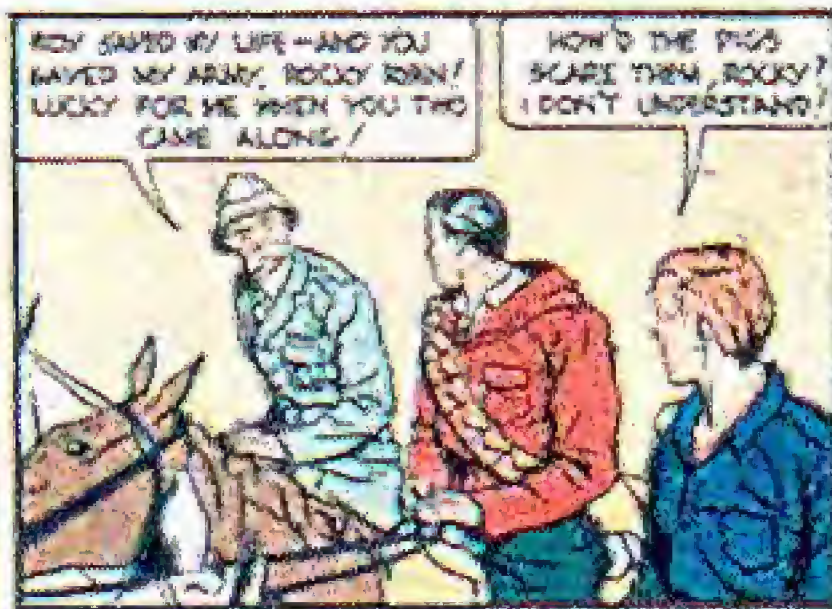
ROCKY - DO YOU SEE THAT LIGHT OVER THERE - LOOKS LIKE A SUNBEAM ON A SPEARHEAD!

YOU'VE HIT IT, ROY - IT'S HIS HORN, KHUSHA KHAN - WITH HIS MOUNTAIN PERUVIHES!









WORKING SILENTLY THE DERYHH REMOVES A SMALL OBLONG BOX FROM THE DESK /



EARLY NEXT MORNING —

SENTER—MY JEWEL BOX HAS BEEN STOLEN / SEARCH ALL THE MEN /



MEN, YOU KNOW I BROUGHT THE REGAL JEWELS WITH ME ON THIS EXPEDITION, IN ORDER TO TAKE THEM TO MY DAUGHTER AT DELHI. SOMEONE STOLE THEM / WHICH OF YOU HAD IT ?

SIR -- I --



I SAW RYAN GO NEAR YOUR TENT LAST NIGHT - I THOUGHT NOTHING OF IT AT THE TIME -

RYAN / ROCKY RYAN?



THAT'S A -- LIE /

AND HOW IT'S A LIE / ROCKY SLEPT BESIDE ME ALL LAST NIGHT /

TAKE HIM AWAY / SEARCH HIS BELONGINGS /



AS ROY SPRINGS IN DEFENSE OF ROCKY, THE DIAMOND PENDANT HIS MOTHER GAVE HIM YEARS AGO SPRINGS INTO VIEW!

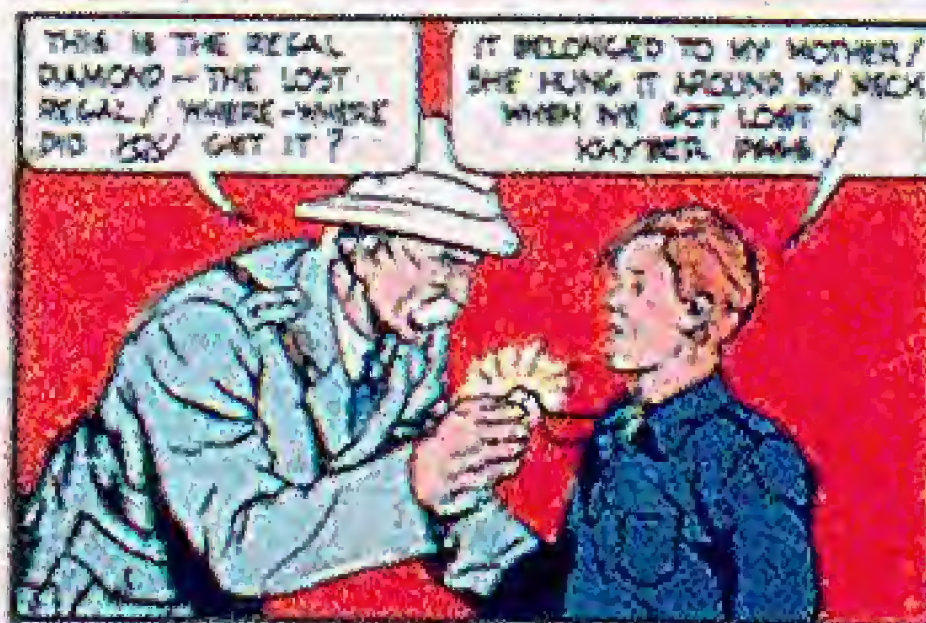
YOU LET ROCKY GO / LET HIM GO /

HOLD ON / HOLD ON!



THIS IS THE REGAL DIAMOND -- THE LOST REGAL / WHERE-WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

IT BELONGED TO MY MOTHER / SHE HUNG IT AROUND MY NECK WHEN SHE GOT LOST IN KODTER PASS /



MY BOY - I'M YOUR UNCLE / YOU ARE CHARLES, VISCOUNT HURSON - MY SISTER'S BOY!

WH-A-IT!





WHY - OR HOW - DO YOU ESCAPE?

HE REFUSES TO TALK, SIR!



MAKE HIM SLEEP WITH A PIV! REMEMBER ROCKY'S TRICK!

A SLENDID IDEA! EITHER YOU TALK -

HE TALK! Y' ALLAH - NO FEEB!



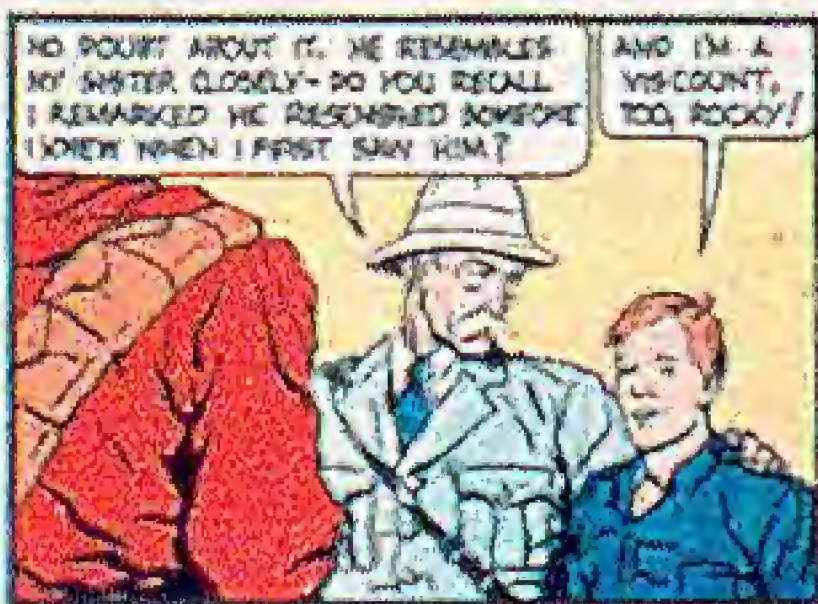
HE SAYS THIS MAN WOULD STEAL FROM YOUR TENT FOR HIM. HE STOLE BOX - BUT MAN DID NOT LET HIM GET AWAY!

ARREST SUBALTERN, CARSON AT ONCE!



I'M AFRAID AN INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE YOU, ROCKY RYAN! I APOLOGIZE. I WAS CARRIED AWAY BY THE LOSS OF THE JEWELS!

FORGET IT, COLONEL. BUT IS ROY REALLY YOUR NEPHEW?



NO POINT ABOUT IT. HE REMARKS MY SISTER CLOSELY - DO YOU RECALL I REMARKED HE REMARKED SOMEONE (WHEN) WHEN I FIRST SAW HIM?

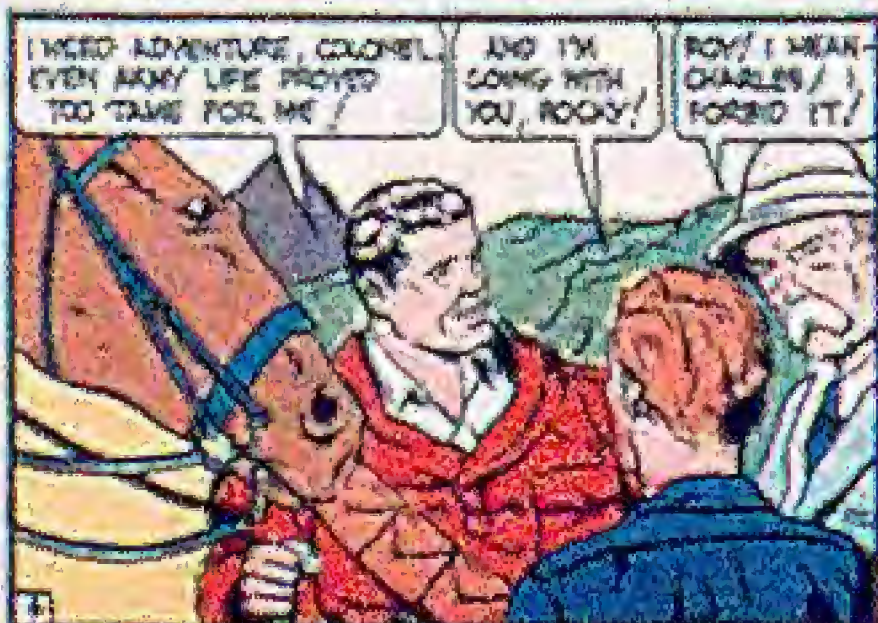
AND I'M A VISCOUNT, TOO, ROCKY!



SUBALTERN CARSON CONFESSES THE WHOLE SCHEME, COLONEL. HE WANTED THE JEWELS TO PAY OFF GAMBLING DEBTS.

POOR FELLOW!

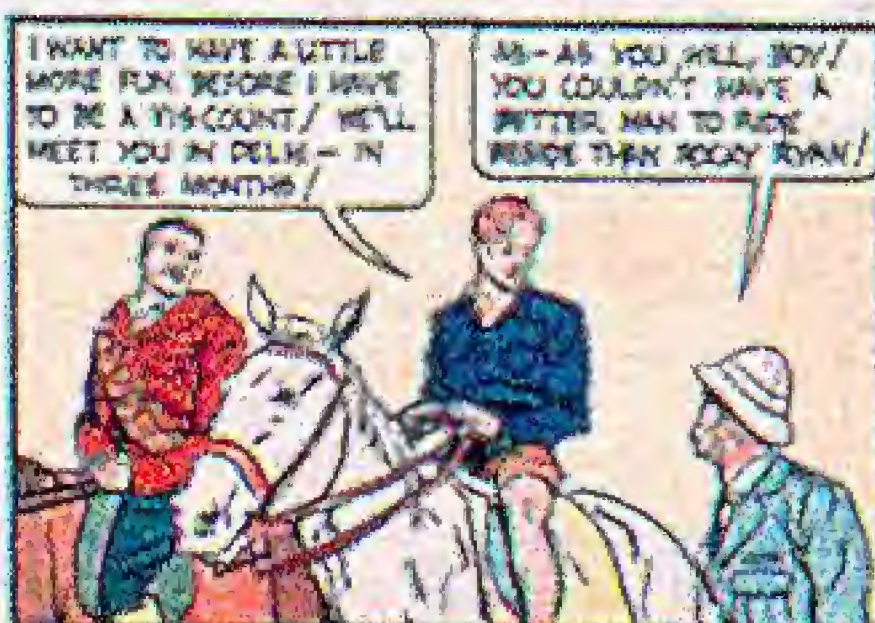
WELL, COLONEL - I MUST BE OFF!



I NEED ADVENTURE, COLONEL. EVEN MANY LIFE PROVED TOO TAME FOR ME!

AND I'M GOING WITH YOU, ROCKY!

ROY! I MEAN CHARLES! I FORGOT IT!

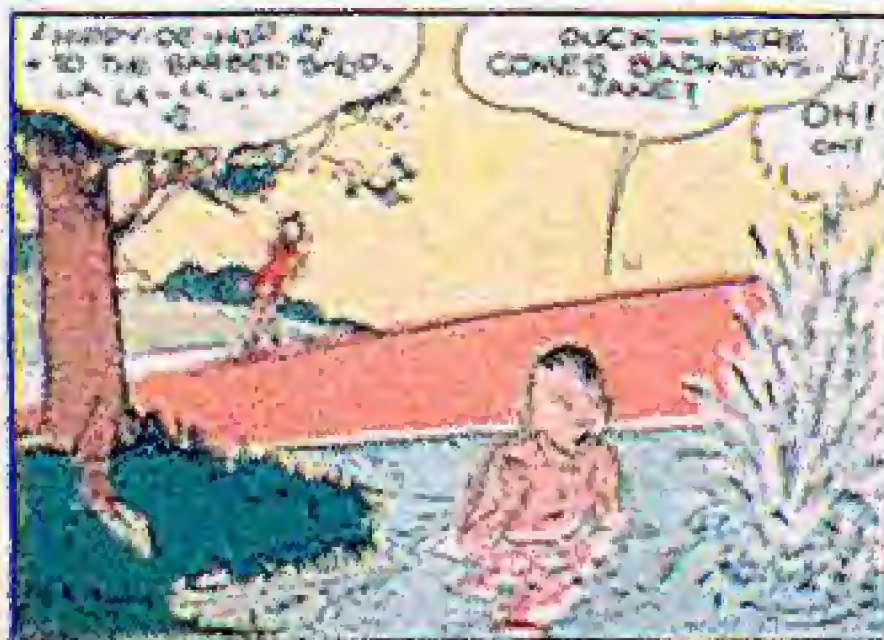
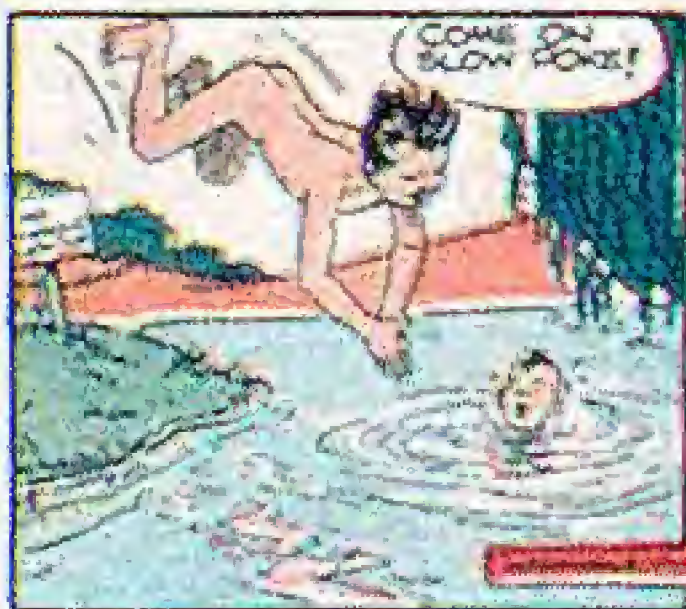


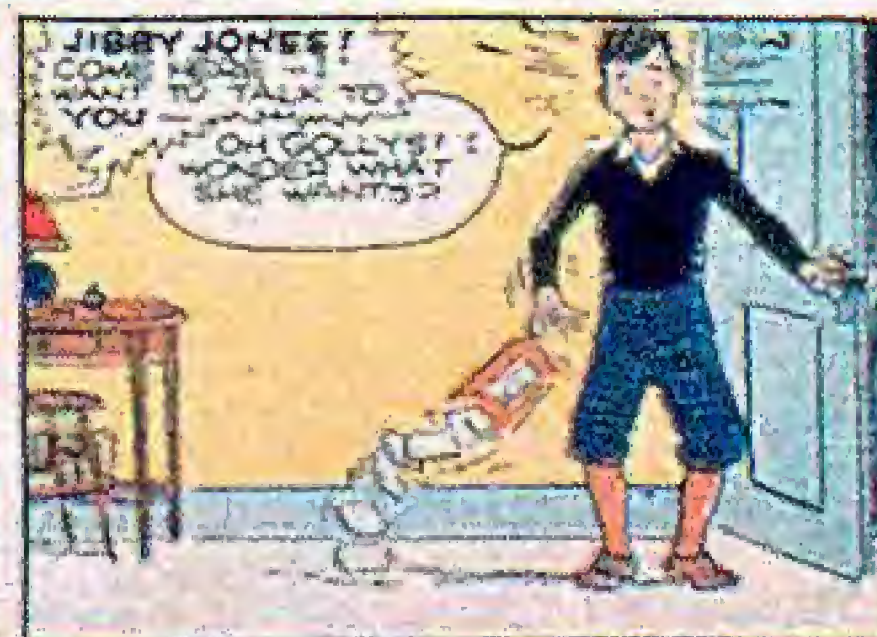
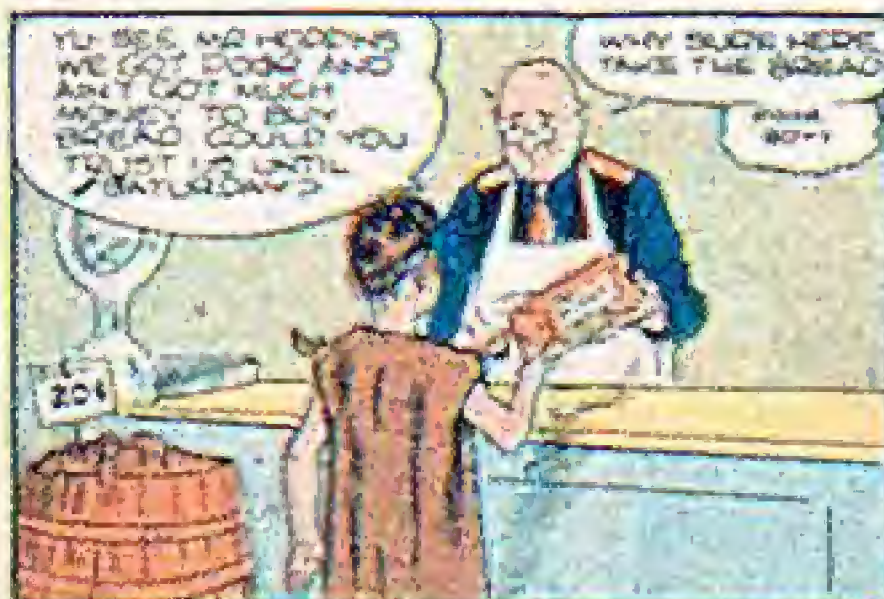
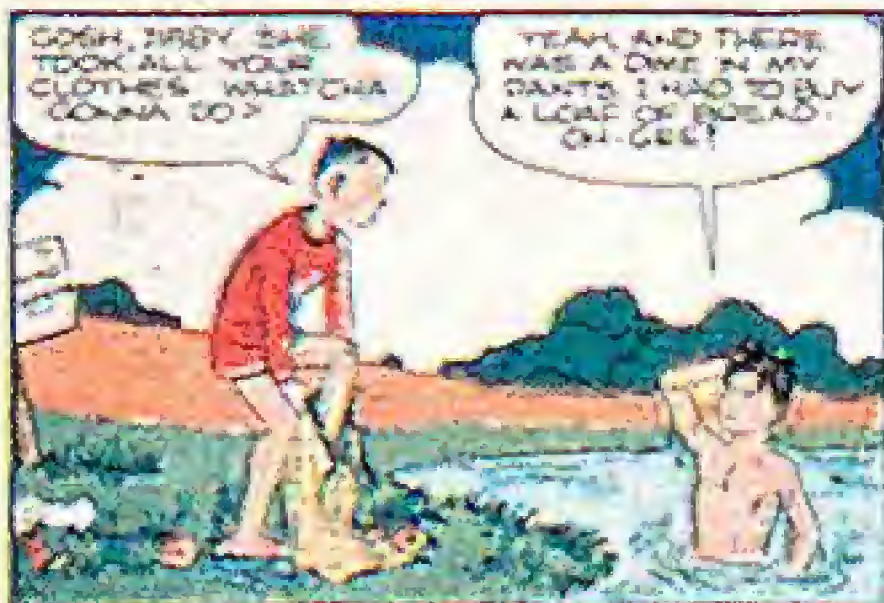
I WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE MORE FUN BEFORE I HAVE TO BE A VISCOUNT! WE'LL MEET YOU IN DELHI - IN THREE MONTHS!

AS - AS YOU WILL, BOY! YOU COULDN'T HAVE A BETTER MAN TO RIDE BESIDE THAN ROCKY RYAN!

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Charlie CHAN

IN HOLLYWOOD, CHARLIE CHAN IS CONFRONTED BY A BAFFLING MYSTERY, SUSPECTING THAT DEE LORING, THE LEADING ACTRESS, HAS BEEN POISONED. CHAN HAS AN AUTOPSY PERFORMED ON A CAT THAT DIED AFTER HAVING EATEN PART OF MISS LORING'S LUNCH....



AFTER, WE FIND CHARLIE CHAN IN THE OFFICE OF J.C. KORNWELLER, PRODUCER OF THE AL-FATED FILM, "SHADOW DEYS"



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IN THE TWO MEN TALK, CHARLIE'S QUICK THE SUE'S MAN CASE BRING A SLIP OF PAPER TO LUGO MANCE...



WELL, CAN YOU PICTURE PETTY LARCENY IN LUGO MANCE? WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO SEE PAPER WHICH HE PUTS IN BREAST POCKET OF COAT!

I COULD PICTURE ALMOST ANY CRIME ON LUGO MANCE! CONSIDER IT DONE, CHARLIE!

AS MANCE ENTERS HIS DRESSING ROOM...



J.C. WAITING, MR. MANCE!

ALL RIGHT! MUST I CRUISE AT THE VOICE OF THE ANGEL J.C., TOO?

LATER



IN A FEW MINUTES, MANCE RETURNS FROM MANCE'S DRESSING ROOM...

I GOT THE PAPER, CHARLIE - BUT IT'S JUST A LIST OF MOVIE STARS!



STEWART
DUNNE
POWER
BROWN
HORTON
COLMAN
DAVIS
MEDCET
BRENT



WHY TH' MURDERED EMBROIDERERS, HAY? CAN I HELP YOU?

NOTE PIECE OF PAPER! DOES IT HAVE SPECIAL MEANING TO YOU, DETECTIVE CASSY?



HEAVEN HELP US! WE FOUND A SLIP LIKE THIS IN MURDER MURDER MURDER MURDER MURDER!



WELL, THE SLIP OF PAPER WE FOUND IN MURDER MURDER MURDER MURDER MURDER! DOES OF US CAN MAKE ANYTHING OF IT, BUT WE KEPT IT AT HEADQUARTERS!



WELL! IT IS SIMILAR TO PAPER FOUND IN POCKET OF LUGO MANCE!



WELL, THEY'RE LISTS OF GUESTS TO A PARTY!

NOT MUCH MORE THAN THAT! - MURDER!



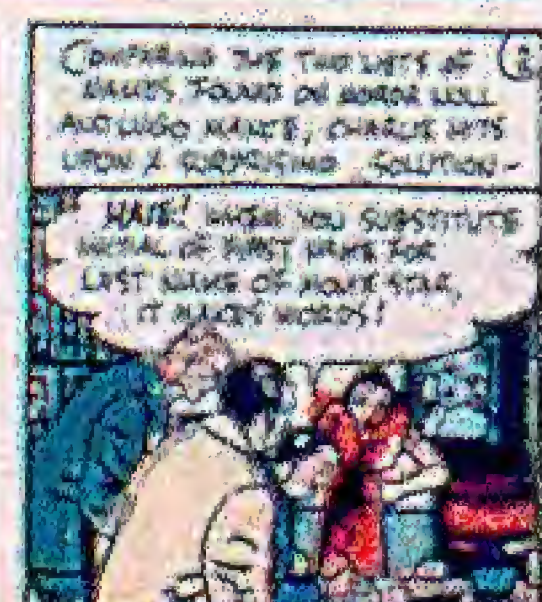
GENIAL! YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH MOVIE STARS! DO YOU KNOW FIRST NAMES OF THESE PEOPLE?

WHY OF COURSE! JIMMY STEWART - IRVING BROWN - TYRONE POWER -



COMPARING THE TWO LISTS OF NAMES FOUND IN MURDER MURDER MURDER MURDER MURDER! CHARLIE HITS UPON A SURPRISING SOLUTION -

HAVE! WHEN YOU SUBSTITUTE INITIAL OF FIRST NAME FOR LAST NAME OF MOVIE STAR, IT MAKES WORDS!



ALICE
TOMMY
BOBBY
NORMA
CARROLL
LORRAINE
YOUNG
DOROTHY
MARGARET
JANET
OLIVER

SEYMOUR JAMES
LENNY
POWER
BARTON
MORTON
COLMAN
RONNIE
DAN
MURRAY
BETTY
U.N.
RENT
QUEEN

BUT NOW FURTHER
PROBLEM PRESENTS ITSELF!
WHAT IS MEANING OF "JITTERBUG"
OF "ASCAMALO"?

EH? WHAT? ASCAMALO?
WHY - THAT'S THE NAME
OF A HORSE!

WHAT DID YOU SAY THE
OTHER NAME WAS? "JITTERBUG"?
WHY THAT HORSE WAS IN A
RACE ABOUT A WEEK AGO!
NOBODY GAVE IT A CHANCE AND
IT CAME IN A 20 TO 1
SHOT!

AND THAT OTHER
HORSE - "ASCAMALO" -
HE'S RANDED THIS
AFTERNOON! WE HADN'T
A CHANCE! WHY I HAD
TWO DOLLARS ON "MISTER
CHIPS" IN THE SAME
RACE!

WE OUGHT
TO BE ABLE
TO GET THE
RACING
RESULTS
ON THE RADIO
CREDIT!

IN A SHORT WHILE
A RADIO NEWS
COMMENTARY -

TO START OFF TODAY'S
RACING RESULTS WE HAVE AS THE
WINNER OF THE FIRST RACE -
"JITTERBUG", SECOND "ASCAMALO",
THIRD "MISTER CHIPS". THE PRIZES
ON THE WOODEN - \$5.00, \$2.50
AND \$1.00. "MISTER CHIPS"
PAID 7 TO 1 TO PLACE....

AM I BETTING MY
GOOD MONEY ON IT?
I'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED
THOSE RACES WERE
FIXED! WHERE DID
MANCE GET THE
RADIO TIP?

AM! CAMERA MAN -
GIVE IT TO HIM!
WOULD LIKE
VERY MUCH TO
HAVE TALK WITH
HIM!

SUSPECTING
A POSSIBLE
LINK BETWEEN
THE WINNER
OF NORDA HOLL
AND CROOKED
HORSE RACING
CHARLES AND
WILLIAM TO
QUESTION JIM
CANE, THE
CAMERAMAN
WHO FILMED
A RACE TO
BE COPE TO
LORD MANCE -

I DON'T
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT BETTING
THE HORSES!
INSPECTOR!
SORRY I CAN
HELP -

AM BUT COULD SWIP
THE CROOKED HORSE
RACE WAS FOUND IN
HOUSE OF NORDA HOLL!
THIS AFTERNOON I SEE
YOU PASS SINGLES
TOO TO LORD MANCE -

SITUATION
VERY SERIOUS!
IT IS BEST YOU
TELL
TRUTH!

WHY -
I -
AM -

ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR!
YOU COME CLEAN! THOSE
SLIPS WERE RECEIPTS FOR BETS
PLACED FOR NORDA HOLL MANCE!
"LUCKY" MORTON HATED THEM
BECAUSE NORDA THREW HIM OVER
FOR MANCE, AND HE REFUSED
TO LET THEM IN ANY MORE
ON THE BIG MONEY!

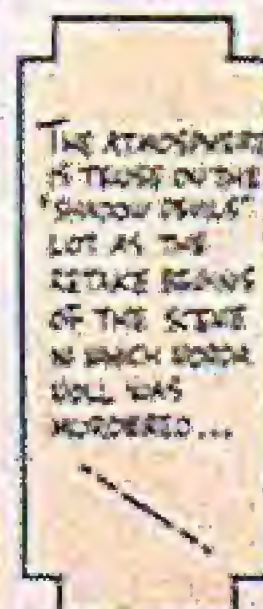
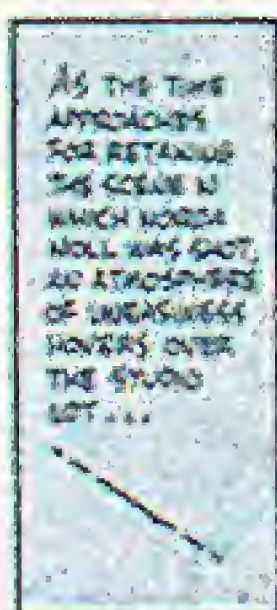
AM! SO IT
IS "LUCKY"
MORTON WHO
IS HEAD OF
CROOKED
RACKET?

EH? WH-?
PLEASE, INSPECTOR! PROMISE
ME YOU WON'T TELL HIM I
TOLD YOU - PROMISE ME
YOU WON'T TELL HIM I WAS
PLACING THE BETS FOR NORDA
AND LOSSO! HE'LL KILL ME!
I'LL GET THE SAME THINGS
NORDA HOLL GOT!

CHARLES AND WILLY WIT "LUCKY" JIM
MORTON, FORTUNATELY CHILDREN OF ONE
OF THE PACIFIC COASTS MOST NOTORIOUS
GAMBLING HOUSES...

SURE, INSPECTOR!
I HELPED NORDA MAKE SOME
MONEY WITH RACE TIPS - BUT
THAT WAS LONG AGO
AND WAS TR SHOT!

THIS WAS
CROOKED
BUSINESS
WITH
PURE
RACES!





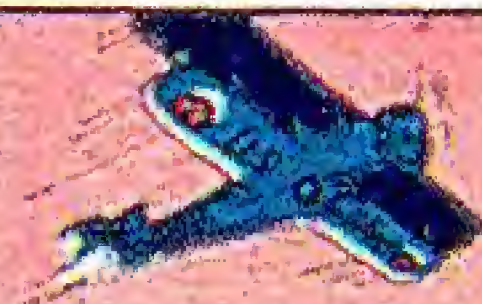
Read CHARLIE CHAN'S startling solutions to crime in BIG SHOT COMICS!



SPY-MASTER

by
West
Bentley

THE UNITED STATES NAVY HAS GUARDED WELL ONE OF ITS MOST PRECIOUS SECRETS — THE MANNER IN WHICH THEIR AIRPLANE CARRIERS CAN LAUNCH THEIR FIGHTING PLANES SO SILENTLY AND WITH SO MUCH EFFICIENCY! IT IS BY A SECRET DEVICE KNOWN ONLY TO A FEW —



YET SPIES ARE AT WORK TO LEARN THAT SECRET FOR OTHER NATIONS.

THE SECRET OF THE PLANE CARRIER MUST BE HIDE. JAMES GREGORY KNOWS THAT SECRET — HE WORKS IN THE NAVAL BASE — FIND IT OUT FROM HIM!

IT SHALL BE DONE AS YOU SAY, LURA.



THAT NIGHT, JAMES GREGORY WORKS LATE AT HIS OFFICE DESK. THE DOOR BEHIND HIM OPENS QUIETLY...



A SILENT ALPH-OOM FREE AT THE UN-SUSPECTING GREGORY —

THIS WILL NOT HARM HIM — IT WILL ONLY PUT HIM TO SLEEP!



THE SLIVER OF WOOD LANCES IN GREGORY'S THROAT — PUTTING HIM TO SLEEP!

IT WILL BE A SIMPLE MATTER TO CARRY HIM TO THE LODGE!



THE NEXT DAY AT NAVAL HEADQUARTERS, GREGORY'S ABSENCE IS NOTED — AND THE F.B.I. CALLED IN TO INVESTIGATE!

JEFF CARROLL, YOU ARE KNOWN AS THE "SPY MASTER". I WANT YOU TO GO AFTER GREGORY — FIND OUT WHY HE WAS TAKEN FROM HIS OFFICE — AND BRING HIM BACK SAFELY!

I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE, SIR!



NOT A CLUE TO GO ON — AND I'M SUPPOSED TO FIND GREGORY! WHAT A LIFE!



JEFF GOES TO GREGORY'S EMPTY OFFICE TO INVESTIGATE —

A GOLDEN CROSS! SAY — THAT'S SOMETHING! SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD OF THE GOLD CROSS SYNDICATE! HMM...



THIS MAY OR MAY NOT LEAD ANYWHERE — BUT I'M GOING IN AND ASK A FEW QUESTIONS!

GOLD CROSS
"NEWS"
SYNDICATE



THAT MAN — LOOKS LIKE ME, EVEN TO MY CLOTHES! SAY, WHAT IS THIS, ANYHOW?



THIS IS A VERY CLEVER DUMMY! AND THIS LETTER — ADDRESSED TO ME! I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK ALL RIGHT!



JEFF OPENS THE ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO HIM AND READS THE TAUNTING LETTER!

"— KNEW YOU'D COME HERE, SPYMASTER — SO I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A TREAT! TOUGH LUCK! IT'S DARNED, LULA OF THE GOLDEN CROSS!"



THE SPYMASTER TAKES TO THE FBI FILE DIVISION FOR INFORMATION...

GET ME THE FILE ON THE GOLD CROSS SEX SYNDICATE — DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THEM?

SEEMS TO ME THEY HAVE A LODGE UP IN THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS, SORT OF WRITER'S CLUB, OR SOMETHING!



HE LEARNS FROM THE EXHAUSTIVE RECORDS THE U.S. GOVERNMENT HAS COMPILED THAT THE GOLD CROSS SYNDICATE HAS A LODGE IN THE MOUNTAINS...

RIDGE LODGE, EH? ALL MEMBERS OF THE GOLD CROSS SYNDICATE BELONG TO IT!

THAT LOOKS LIKE YOUR NEXT STEP, JEFF!



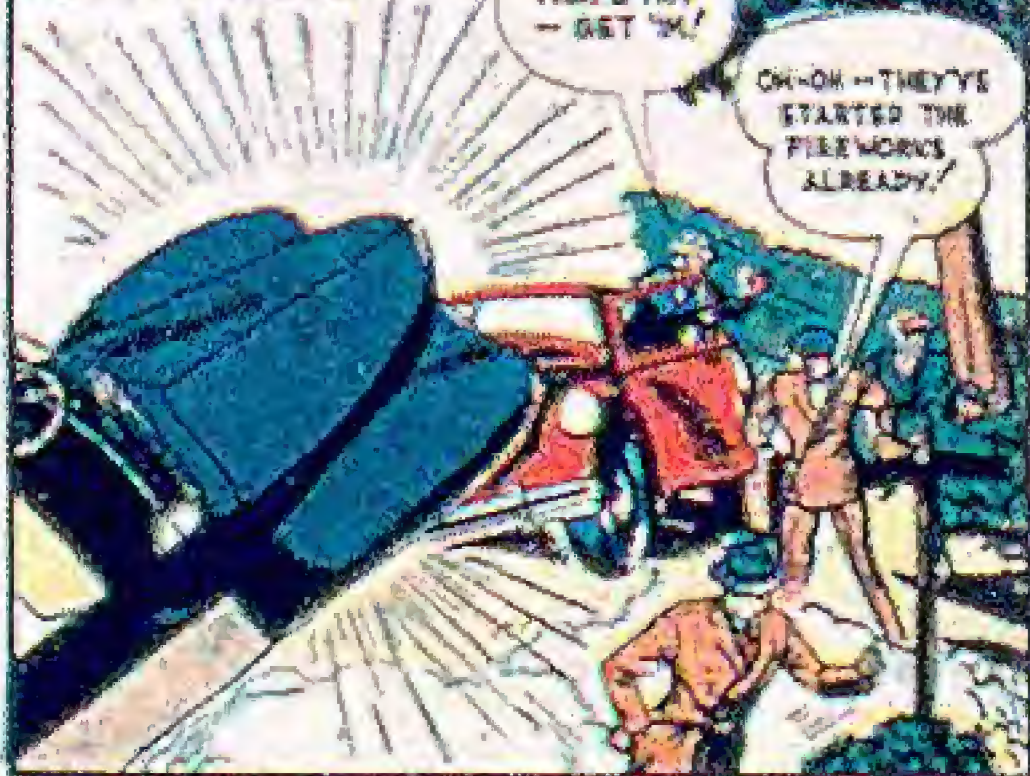
LULA AND HER GANG ARE GOING TO GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES WHEN THEY SEE ME! SHE DIDN'T RECKON ON THE GOVERNMENT KNOWING ABOUT THAT MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT OF MINE!



ABSORBED IN A SIGNPOST, JEFF FAILS TO HEAR A CAR RACE TOWARD HIM —



— UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE! —



JEFF HITS ONE ASSAILANT —



BUT THE OTHER TWO LEAP FOR HIM IN THE MEANTIME —



THE BLOW STUNS JEFF MOMENTARILY —



BUT HIS STRONG BODY LETS HIM RECOVERATE QUICKLY!



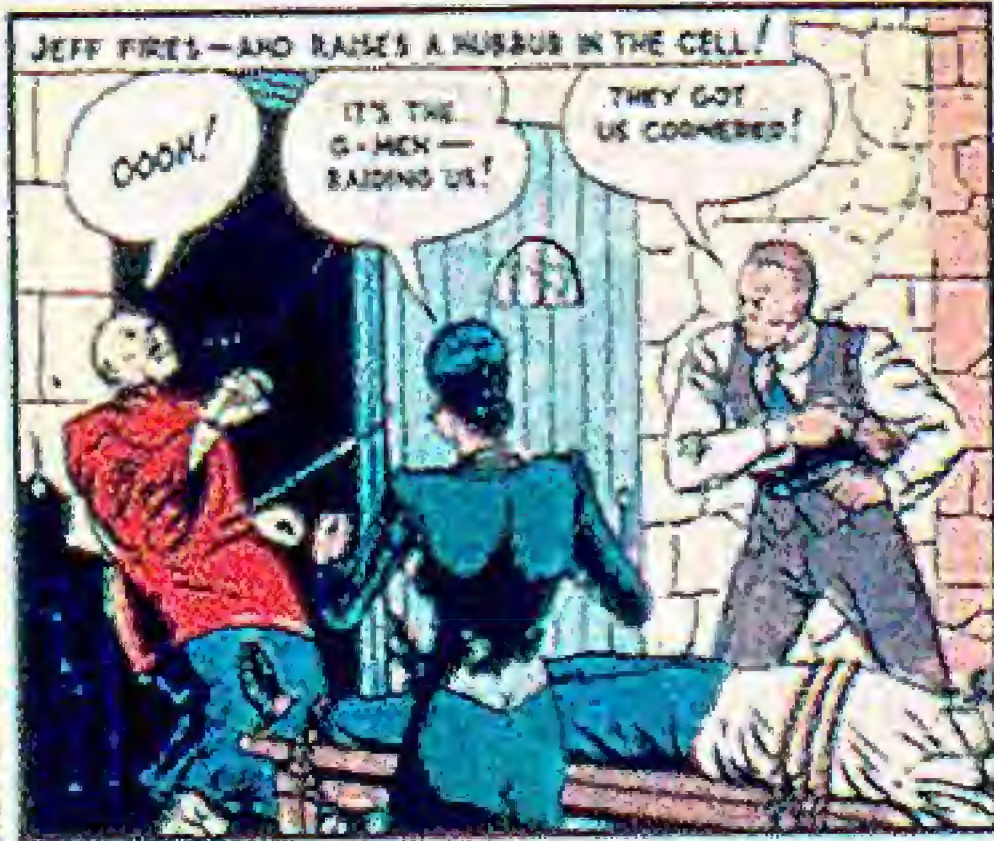
LURA'S HENCHMAN DROPS THE SPYMASTER WITH A BULLET!



I HOPE YOU DIDN'T KILL HIM — HE MAY BE ABLE TO GIVE US INFORMATION!









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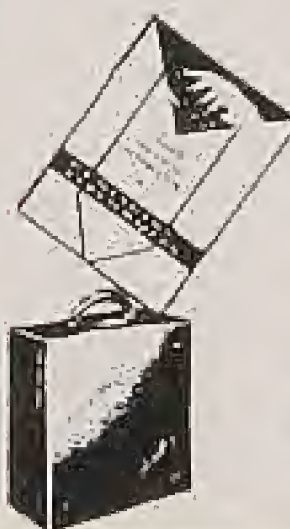


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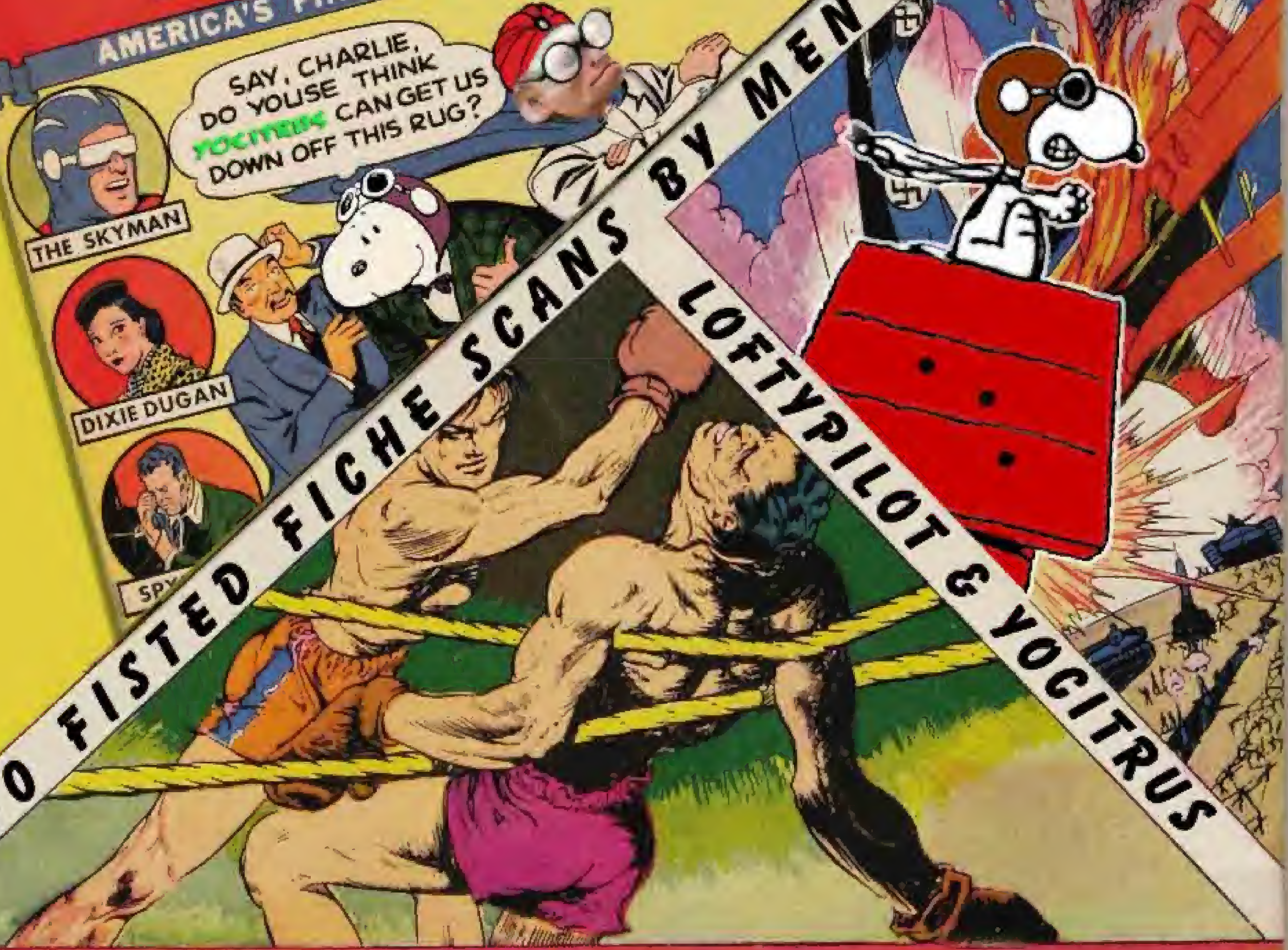


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